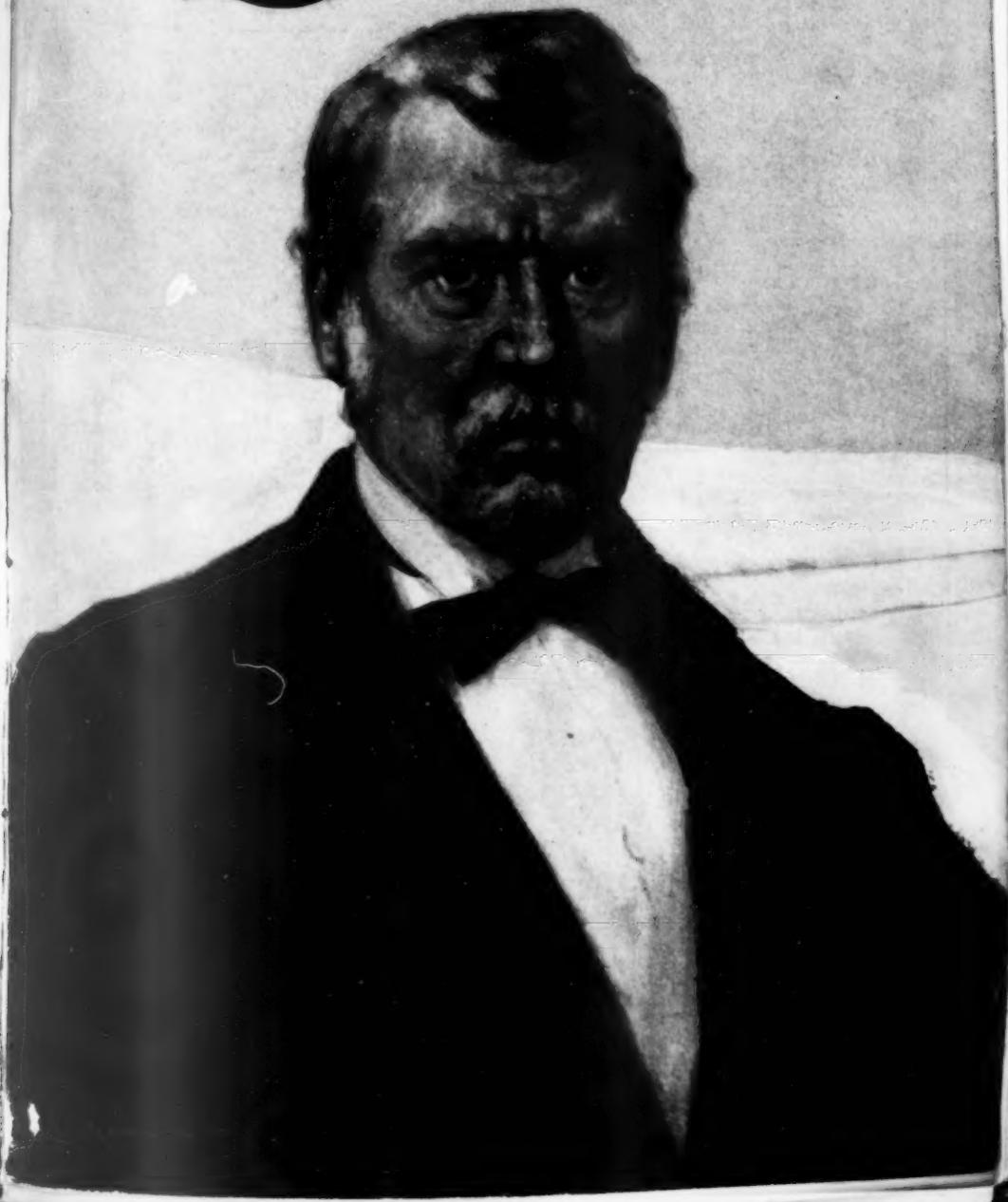


DAVID LIVINGSTONE BY SIR HARRY JOHNSTON G.C.M.G. K.C.B.  
March 1913

Price 6d

# The QUIVER



BEFORE YOU PUT OUT

THE LIGHT



DON'T FORGET TO TAKE

BEECHAM'S PILLS

MAGNESIA

# MELLIN'S

Rosy cheeks and plump chubby limbs mean proper feeding.

Cow's milk alone is not the proper food for a Baby.

**What cows' milk lacks as a proper food for Babies**

**MELLIN'S FOOD supplies.**

MELLIN'S FOOD is the ideal nutriment  
for the hand rearing of healthy  
vigorous infants.

FREE sample and interesting 96-page book, "The care of Infants," will be sent Free  
on application to

**MELLIN'S FOOD, Ltd.,**  
Peckham, London.

# FOOD

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN.  
**DISTINCTIVE AND DEPENDABLE  
SPRING CLOTHING FABRICS.**

Egerton Burnett Ltd.'s New Spring Ranges are of a very fascinating character; the many different fabrics represented are of excellent quality, and the exquisite colours and pretty designs offer a very extensive variety of choice.

Patterns sent to any address, on request, post paid.

**LIGHT WEIGHT FABRICS  
for Warm Climates.**

25 Royal  
and  
Imperial  
Warrants.



**Are Ideal Costume Fabrics**

which have won the admiration of Ladies and Gentlemen in the world over by their Excellence of Quality, Good Appearance, and Enduring Wear.

**Costumes, Suits, Overcoats, &c., made to order.**

Patterns, Price Lists, Styles, Measure Forms, etc., sent post paid.

**Address: EGERTON BURNETT LTD.,  
S. Factors, Wellington, Somerset, England.**

## DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA

is the Best Remedy for

**ACIDITY of the STOMACH,  
HEARTBURN, HEADACHE,  
GOUT and INDIGESTION.**

Safest and most Effective Aperient  
for Regular Use.



**You don't  
care if it  
freezes—**

or rains, or hails either, so long as there's a bowl of Edwards' Soup steaming on the table when dinner-time comes.



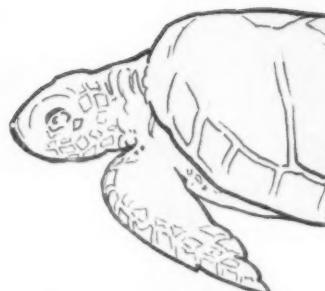
Rich, tempting, nourishing soup—that's the stuff to keep the cold out these wintry days. As long as there's any in the basin, there'll always be someone to say "MORE OF THAT, PLEASE." Remember that Edwards' must be boiled for half an hour.

## EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUPS

Get a few packets to-day.

# Freeman's

made from  
real turtles



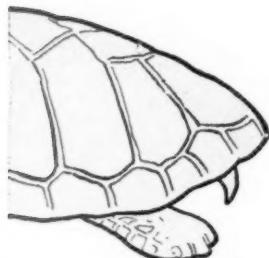
## 6 portions for 1/-

The housewife can now add Real Turtle Soup daily to the family menu, thanks to **Freeman's Turtle Soup**, which enables her to prepare a plate of delicious, nourishing turtle soup in one minute at a cost of only 2d.!

Real Turtle Soup is the most nourishing food in the world, but it has hitherto been a prohibitive luxury only served at public banquets. Owing to the unique facilities at the command of the famous old firm of Freeman & Hildyard, the price is now brought within the means of all, and the genuine delicacy is presented in a most economical and convenient form—ready for immediate use.

*Use*

# REAL Turtle Soup



1/- Carton contains 6 portions of solidified and concentrated Real Turtle Soup. Simply pour a half pint of boiling water upon a portion, stir, and the soup is ready. Try it; you will find it the most delicious and satisfying soup you ever tasted: rich, appetising, and wonderfully strengthening.

Freeman's Real Turtle Soup is sold by grocers and stores in 1/- cartons (containing 6 portions) or may be obtained direct (and post free) by sending the attached coupon with P.O. or stamps 1/- to

**FREEMAN & HILDYARD,**  
12 Henry St., Bloomsbury, W.C.

*this coupon*

Q. 1.  
March, 1913.

To  
Messrs. Freeman & Hildyard,  
12 Henry St., Bloomsbury,  
London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,

I enclose P.O. value 1/-, for which  
Stamps

please send me, post free, a carton of 6 portions of  
Freeman's Real Turtle Soup. My local grocer is

(Sign) .....

Address .....

# STAGGERING PROOF OF A NATION'S HAIR-POVERTY!

Fighting the Scourge with Nature's Own Remedy.

## WONDERFUL SUCCESS OF "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL."

**Sensational Offer of a Further 1,000,000 Free Toilet Outfits. Make Sure of Yours—Fill in the Coupon Below and Post it Now!**

The appalling increase of hair-poverty amongst His Majesty's subjects is proved to the hilt by the amazing fact that Mr. Edwards' generous offer of Free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits has been eagerly responded to by more than 1,000,000 people suffering through neglect or through improper treatment of the hair.

The news of Mr. Edwards' grand sacrificial offer to the nation was most welcome to victims of hair ailments.

So universal is the demand for a preparation which really grows hair and prevents the loss or deterioration of luxuriant tresses, and so enthusiastically has Mr. Edwards' natural system of "Hair-Drill" been received, that it has induced the Royal Hair Specialist to inaugurate a further munificent distribution of

### 1,000,000 FREE "HAIR-DRILL" OUTFITS,

one for each of the first million applicants.

The matter is one which admits of not a moment's delay in sending in your application.

You are earnestly advised to do your duty to yourself—your social and professional standing—by claiming your Free Outfit at once.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" takes but two minutes a day to practise, yet look how gratifying are its benefits. It has cured tens of thousands of cases of long-standing hair trouble. By assisting nature it nourishes thin, scanty hair, making it luxuriant, rich and abundant within a few weeks.

Almost at the first application it stops the hair-fall, makes the hair bright and glossy, and grows hair over the thin places.

Therefore, if you are not already one of the million converts to the daily practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill," fill in the coupon and post it to-day before it is too late.

### START "HAIR-DRILL" TO-DAY: READ WHY!

Because your hair may be luxuriant now and the envy of others not so fortunate, there is all the more reason why you should adopt the simple and natural "Harlene" treatment to keep it in perfect condition and to safeguard your beautiful hair from the perils which beset it.

Neglect means disaster, sooner or later, as others have found to their lasting cost and humiliation.

There are many hair perils, and the greatest of them all is **Scurf**—an insidious disease which chokes up the delicate hair follicles or sheaths, depriving the hair of its nourishment and slowly but surely murdering it by degrees.

Start "Harlene Hair-Drill" now. It takes only two minutes a day to keep your scalp free from all ailments, and ensure a luxuriant growth of hair.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" cures all the following hair and scalp troubles, merely by two minutes' practice a day:—

- Total Baldness.
- Partial or Patchy Baldness.
- Thinning of Hair over the temples.
- Thin, weak, straggling Hair.
- Hair which falls out whenever brushed or combed.
- Hair which splits at the ends.
- Dull, dead-looking, lustre-lacking Hair.
- Dry, brittle Hair.
- Greasy, inelastic Hair.
- Deposit of Scurf and Dandruff.

- Discoloured Hair.
- Irritation of the Scalp.

### GENEROUS FREE GIFT TO EVERY READER.

Below there is printed a coupon. Fill it up and send it with 3d in stamps to pay postage of return outfit to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

In return you will be sent the following free Hair-Growing Toilet Gift. It contains:

1. A trial bottle containing a supply of that delightful hair-food and tonic-dressing, "Harlene" for the Hair.

2. A packet of "Cremex" for the Scalp, a delightful Shampoo Powder for home use, which thoroughly cleanses the Scalp from Scurf, and prepares the Hair for the Hair-Drill treatment.

3. Mr. Edwards' private book of "Hair-Drill" Rules. All Chemists and Stores sell "Harlene-for-the-Hair," in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. od. bottles; "Cremex" in 1s. boxes of 7 Shampoos; single Shampoos 2d.; or you can obtain them post free from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.



### FREE OUTFIT FOR ONE WEEK'S HAIR DRILL

*This illustrates how neglect impoverishes the hair, until total baldness threatens. As soon as "Harlene" is resorted to, the hair soon recovers its natural beauty and luxuriance. Fill in the Coupon and let the free "Harlene Hair-Drill" outfit assure you life long hair beauty.*

### THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO ONE WEEK'S "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OUTFIT FREE.

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,  
104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me by return of post a Presentation Toilet Outfit for practising "Harlene Hair-Drill."

I enclose 3d. in stamps to pay carriage to any address in the world (Foreign stamps accepted).

Name .....

Address .....

.....  
THE QUIVER, March, 1913.

**THE TIN YOU  
CONTINUE!**



**Fry's** PURE  
BREAKFAST **Cocoa.**

**4½d. per ¼-lb. Tin.** (The Yellow and  
Red Label.)

"The Highest Cocoa Value Obtainable." "Of Unsurpassed Flavour."

**NO COUPONS. FULL VALUE IN THE COCOA.**

**"When I discovered the preparation now known as TATCHO—"**

said Mr. Geo. R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*, "letters in thousands poured in to me from every quarter of the world, from all parts of the Kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China and Australia. It became quite evident that, at the rate at which the demand was increasing, I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair restorer part of correspondence. So I resolved to place the genuine article within the reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of Fleet Street gentlemen, that has been accomplished. That is the whole story of Tatcho."

No matter how thin, how dry, how unmanageable your hair is, Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Tatcho will increase its growth and beauty, and give it vitality, health and attractiveness.

**THIS VALUABLE BRUSH**  
—Pure Bristles, No Wire—is

**FREE**

To Users of  
**TATCHO**  
Mr. Geo. R. Sims'  
True  
Hair-Grower.



# Tatcho

THE TRUE HAIR-GROWER.

## TATCHO'S ALLY: WHAT IT IS.

Now as to Tatcho's ally—the valuable Tatcho Hair-Health Brush.

If evidence were necessary as to the pressing need for the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, your own old-style hair brush will speak far more eloquently than words. Examine it, and you will find embedded in the bristles a mass of decaying substances brushed from the hair. They cling to and become embedded in the bristles, where they cannot be dislodged. The brush returns these impurities to poison the hair every time it is used. It is idle to imagine that the presence of these putrefactive organisms in the hair brush does not seriously interfere with the growth of the hair and the healthy functions of the scalp.

The Tatcho Hair-Health Brush differs radically from this old-style brush, the bristles being so deftly set that each bristle is self-cleaning, leaving the brush as sweetly clean after use as a brand-new hair brush straight from the factory.

## HOW TO GET IT FREE!

All you have to do is to become a patron of the hair-grower. Cut out and send the coupon issued with this announcement to the Chief Chemist, Tatcho Laboratories, 5 Great Queen Street, London, with a postal order for 3s. 2d. That is 2s 9d. for your supply of Tatcho and 3d. for postage. Alternatively, if you prefer to test the unique

Tatcho is sold by Chemists and Stores, 1-, 2, 3, and 4, the two latter being double strength.

TATCHO LABORATORIES, 5 GREAT QUEEN STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON.

"I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me."

*Geo R Sims*

merits of Tatcho before purchasing a 2s. 9d. bottle, ask your Chemist to supply you with a 1s. bottle only. This will provide you with convincing testimony of the value of Tatcho. Preserve the carton entire in which the 1s. bottle was contained, and when you have three of these cartons mail them to the Tatcho Laboratories. By return you will receive one of these Tatcho Hair-Health Brushes post free.

## FREE BRUSH COUPON.

*One brush only will be supplied to each user.*

THIS COUPON entitles the holder who desires to benefit by Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery of Tatcho (the true Hair-Grower) to One Patent Hair-Health Brush FREE OF ALL CHARGE, in terms of the special announcement set forth in the March issue of *The Quiver*.

*Geo R Sims  
Hair Restorer Co*

Name of Applicant.....  
Address.....

# Give him Bovril

## Because

the Body-building Power of Bovril has been proved by independent scientific investigation to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.



**"Jason"**  
UNSHRINKABLE

**Socks  
and  
Stockings**

The **Jason**  
Garter-Top Stockings for Ladies  
are practically  
untearable.

This is really valuable hosiery news for all who find that garters or suspenders make havoc of their hose-tops.

**Jason** Garter-top hose are made with a special double welt and a plain top on ribbed legs (6/3, 4/1, 2/1, and 1/1 ribs). The double welt, besides giving greater elasticity to the hose, adds the very necessary strength just where the garter or suspender is fitted.

**Jason** Garter-tops are a special **Jason** line for ladies' only. Like every other kind of **Jason** hose, they are of heavy, tight all-wool manufacture—have a particular silky softness and never shrink no matter how often they are washed.

**Jason** Socks and Stockings are made in all styles and weights:

Men's 1/2 Hose: ribbed, plain and in vertical stripes; art shades. Ladies' Hose: ribbed, plain lace and fancy. Children's 1/2 Hose and Socks: ribbed, turnover-top, plain and lace.

*Of Drapers, Hosiery, and Outhillers everywhere.*

In case of difficulty write— **Jason Hosiery Co., Leicester.**

SEE THAT YOUR PURCHASE  
BEARS THE GENUINE MARK

## Waterman's Ideal fountain Pen

Nibs to  
Suit Every  
Hand.



This Trade Mark stands  
the world over as a guar-  
antee of satisfying pen ser-  
vice and life-long writing  
contentment.

Waterman's Ideal is *always* in order, *always* ready to  
write, *always* trustworthy. Four Types — Regular, Safety,  
Self-Filling, Pump-Filling.

From Stationers and Jewellers everywhere. Booklet free from  
**L. & C. HARDTMUTH, Ltd., Koh-i-noor House, Kingsway, LONDON.**  
(NEW YORK: 173 Broadway.)

THE BAZAAR,  
**Exchange and Mart**,  
The PRACTICAL Paper  
PRICE 2d.  
  
COLLECTING CHINA, STAMPS, Etc.  
GARDENING  
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**MOTORING and CYCLING**  
DOGS  
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PHOTOGRAPHY  
**HOUSEHOLD MATTERS**  
COOKERY FASHION  
and **A THOUSAND THINGS**  
Offered & Wanted as Private Sales & Bargains

**SPECIAL OFFER** To Readers of THE QUIVER not al-  
ready acquainted with "The Bazaar,"  
A copy will be sent weekly free of charge for a month  
on receipt of name and address, with cutting of this  
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Offices: BAZAAR BUILDINGS, DRURY LANE, LONDON



### Let me clean all your pans

and dishes. Let me clean your sauce-pans especially when they are stained and burnt. Let me clean your frying pans, stew pans, roasting tins, pudding dishes, pie dishes.

### THE "LIAN" PAN SCRUBBER

(Shaw's patent metal sponge)  
easily cleans all cooking utensils, no  
matter how burnt, stained, or hard-to-  
clean. Save your time by using a  
"Lian" Scrubber in your kitchen. Its  
usefulness will delight you.

Sold by Ironmongers everywhere,  
in three sizes at 6d., 9d., and 1s.  
Should your dealer be without, send  
stamps for sample to:

**PROCTER BROS.**  
Call Works, LEEDS.

The "Lian" Scrubber cannot scratch.  
D.P.



DON'T give way to it. There is a reliable and safe remedy for



## NEURALGIA and HEADACHE

Why suffer the agonies of Headache, or Neuralgia, when you can obtain speedy relief by taking a ZOX Powder?

You may be like thousands of others who suffered for

**FREE.**

Send stamped addressed envelope, mention this Magazine, and we'll send you two Zox Powders free.

1/- and 2/8 a box, of Chemists, Stores, or direct from  
THE ZOX CO., 11 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

**ZOX** The Great  
REMEDY

years until someone told them of the wonderful efficacy of ZOX. Now, when an attack comes on, they simply take a ZOX Powder and the pain vanishes—like magic.

**St. Ivel**  
LACTIC  
CHEESE

A more tempting and appetising cheese it is impossible to imagine. St. Ivel Cheese leaves nothing to be desired. In addition to being easy to digest in itself, it assists the digestion of other foods. The curd being softened, it is easily assimilated, and the whole of its beneficial influence is absorbed by the system. The fact that it contains organic phosphates—the elements which enable the body to rebuild itself, and to withstand Nature's continuous waste—is sufficient proof of its superiority. But more important still is the fact that St. Ivel lactic Cheese contains lactic acid cultures, which eliminate the poisons that other foods create, and thus keep the system in splendid condition.

St. Ivel lactic Cheese should constitute a part of every meal.

6d. from Grocers and Dairy-men Everywhere.

ST. IVEL LTD. YEOVIL.

Send for Bunch of Patterns To-day

## WINC-A-DEEN

is the best make of Scotch Wincey—the Wincey of your great-grandmother's days, but better. You can wash it,

you can boil it. The colours are fast and fadless. It is soft and supple, and drapes like a French voile.

SPLendid  
FOR  
CHILDREN'S  
WEAR.



FOR UNDERWEAR OR  
SLUMBERWEAR.  
SHIRTS, PYJAMAS,  
ETC.

Self Coloured,  
41 in. wide,  
1 1/2 per yard.

Striped, 29 to  
32 in. wide,  
1/- & 1 1/4 yd.

Cream, 30 to  
41 in. wide,  
from 1/- per yd.

ONLY FROM  
PATRICK  
THOMSON, LTD.  
EDINBURGH.



## The Ideal Family Medicine.

For nearly half a century Mother Seigel's Syrup has been the unfailing family medicine for the prevention and cure of stomach and liver troubles, and the ready means of recovering and maintaining GOOD HEALTH. Mother Seigel's Syrup has a gentle, tonic action upon the digestive organs—the stomach, liver and bowels—toning and strengthening them so that they can do their work effectively, and obtain from the food you eat all the nourishment required to keep you strong and vigorous. Mother Seigel's Syrup, by removing stomach, liver and

kidney troubles by keeping the blood pure, brings the glow of radiant health to the pale cheeks of anemic girls, strengthens weak and growing boys, and makes adults feel fit and strong. It banishes pains after eating, headaches, biliousness, bad breath, giddiness, sleeplessness, wind on the stomach, and languor. If you suffer from any of the symptoms here described, you should at once profit by the experience of others and take Mother Seigel's Syrup for your case to day. It is good for father, good for mother, good for all the family. Test it for yourself to day.

# Mother Seigel's Syrup

The Great  
Herbal Remedy

For all Stomach  
and Liver Troubles.



## RILEY'S Billiard Tables. For the Home.

Whatever the size of the room, there is a Riley Table to fit it. And no matter what the size, the table is in true proportion to a standard table.

### RILEY'S Combine Billiard and Dining Tables (As Illustrated)

Fitted with Riley's Patent Action for raising, lowering, and levelling. A handsome piece of furniture as a Dining Table and a first-class Billiard Table. Made in Mahogany, Oak, Walnut, etc.



### CASH PRICES AND SIZES:

Size 5ft 4in by 2ft, 10in.	£13 10 0	Or in 13 monthly instalments, plus 5 per cent. on above cash prices. Also in 18 monthly payments.
" 6ft, 4in by 3ft 4in	£15 0 0	
" 7ft 4in by 3ft 10in	£18 10 0	
" 8ft 4in by 4ft 3in	£24 10 0	
" 9ft 4in by 4ft, 10in.	£32 0 0	

### RILEY'S Miniature Billiard Tables

To place on your own Dining Table

Superior Billiard Table in Solid Mahogany, French Polished, Best State Bed, Adjustable Feet, Rubber Shoe, Low Frost-Proof Rubber Cushions, Two Cues, Marking Board, Rest, Ivory or Crystalline Balls, etc. Prices from £3 7 6. Cash or Easy Payments.

Delivered Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom at our risk. No charge for packages. LISTS FREE. Folding Bagatelle Tables from 30/-

Gray's Book on Billiards published at 1/-, will be sent post free on receipt of two penny stamps

**FREE** on receipt of postcard full detailed illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables and small or full-sized Tables and Sundries.

**E. J. Riley, Ltd., Albany Mills, Accrington.**  
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THE IDEAL  
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The point to remember about REXINE is not merely that it is a leather substitute; it is more, it is an improvement upon leather.

Rexine can be had in the same grains and colourings as leather, is indeed indistinguishable from leather, but it wears better. Moreover it is sanitary and "washable," and proof against stains or grease marks.

And Rexine only costs one-quarter the price of leather.

*Any Furnishing House will supply you with patterns.*

XII The British Leather Cloth Manufacturing Co. Ltd., Hyde, nr. Manchester.

## LADIES WITH SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

For many years I was afflicted with a very humiliating growth of hair on my face. I have discovered a sure and harmless remedy which permanently removes this embarrassing growth, and acts directly upon the follicles, thereby exterminating root and branch; it is absolutely painless. I have treated hundreds of cases with perfect success. Write to me in confidence for further particulars, and enclose stamp to pay postage. It is quite an inexpensive treatment.

HELEN R. B. TEMPLE, 39 Maddox Street, Regent Street, London, W.



100 YEARS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

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WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING, WHICHEVER  
KIND IS PREFERRED.

FREE

Appointments for Superiority.

AND ENCLOSED WITH EVERY BOTTLE A VOUCHER ENTITLING PURCHASERS TO NAME OR MONOGRAM  
RUBBER STAMP, WITH PAD AND BRUSH. ALSO WITH 16 SIZE A LINEN STRETCHER AND PEN.  
Price 6d. and 1s. Sold by all Stationers, Chemists and Stores. Works: 75, Southgate Rd., LONDON, N.

## HAVE YOU A DOG?

Then by means of the "QUIK" DOG POWDERS you can easily keep your dog in condition, healthy, heavy, full of life, free from all skin diseases and other complaints, and also from the most objectionable troubles due to the presence of WORMS. These Powders may be used with the utmost confidence, they are prepared from the remains of one of the best-known and most famous Dog Breeders in the World.

6d. & 1s. post free for  
7d. & 1s. from F. H. PROSSER & CO. LTD. Spring  
Hill, BIRMINGHAM, or of any Chemist or Gun Dealers.



## C. B. FRY'S BOOK "Diet and Exercise for Training."

Post Free 3d. on application to "The Quiver."

## The "SILKRITE" Regd. SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN.



The Countess of Winchelsea encloses 1s 6d for a "Silkrite" Pen. G. Gitting, Esq., writes: "The 'Silkrite' Pen would be cheap at five times the price." The LEEDS BARGAIN CO. (Dept. 9), 5 Richmond Rd., Leeds.

xi

M. G. Powell, Esq., writes: "Delighted with 'Silkrite.' It equals any make at 1s. 6d." Rich Eboneen barrel, 7 inches long, fitted 14-carat Gold plated nibs. Fills itself in two seconds — **Delightfully SILKY Writer.** Testimonials and Catalogue, 1,000 Bargains in Jewellery, Cutlery, Electro Plate, Novelties, Post free."

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PAID  
1/6  
5 Years'  
Guarantee.

**The Business Man's Pen**

5/- 'JEWEL'

To a business man who has to be up to date, a Fountain Pen is almost a necessity. He must have a pen that will write anywhere, at any time, and under all circumstances. In short, a reliable pen. The 'Jewel' answers these requirements perfectly. 14-carat gold nib, iridium tipped, with whatever point you like. 5/- Old fashioned and chased. 7/- From all stationers, or post free from the sole makers—

JEWEL PEN CO., (Dept 102),  
102 Fenchurch St., London, E.C.



"Dirt is bad but Dust is deadly."

**BISSELL**

Common sense demands clean sweeping — sanitary sweeping. BISSELL sweeping is the cleanest sweeping. Raises no dust. Use the Swift - running, Clean-sweeping BISSELL. A touch propels it. A child can use it.

Of all Ironmongers and Furnishers: Prices from 10/-  
MARKT & CO. (London), Ltd., 96 Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.



Direct from Scotch Maker to Wearer.

**—Winter!**

Cold, wet, snow, slush, and generally bad weather conditions;

**Keep your feet dry**

by wearing a pair of

**Norwell's  
'Perth' Boots**

Look at this boot; observe the beauty of its lines; its solid, sturdy, yet handsome appearance. This is one of our wonderful hand-made lines—an ideal city boot. It is flexible in the sole and it is sturdy—that means comfort with strength—and it is absolutely damp proof.

*Always state size when ordering.*

Write to-day for our new catalogue of Winter footware.

**D. NORWELL & SON,**  
PERTH, SCOTLAND.  
Establd. over 100 years.

**18/6**  
Post paid.



Complete satisfaction or your money back.

**HARBUUTT'S PLASTICINE**



**Will please them most\***

**THE  
PLASTIC  
ZOO**

THE Most Fascinating, Interesting, Amusing, and Instructive Box of Harbutt's Plasticine we have as yet introduced. Each box has 6 Colours, Paper Patterns of Animals, so that little fingers can easily model the Animals and make them stand up. Boards, Tools, Roller, and Illustrated Book of Instructions with a cover in colours.

**The Best  
Present for 1913.**

**Price 5/-; Post Free 5/6.**

If you have not seen any of our Home Modelling Outfits at the Toy and Fancy Stores, you should write us for Full Particulars, Lists, and Prices.

A Tin Pocket Case of "100 USES," with Illustrated Book of Uses and Tool. Price 6d.; Post Free 8d.

**HARBUUTT'S PLASTICINE, Ltd.,**  
27 BATHAMPTON, BATH.

See Name on each yard of Selvedge

# TOOTAL'S

43/44 ins. wide. White and Fast Colours

2½ YARD PIQUÉ

**TOOTAL'S PIQUÉ** is a different piqué from the harsh, stiff sort you have hitherto used.

It has distinct advantages over other piqué—keeps fresher, looks better, washes and wears better. It drapes beautifully, in graceful folds.

It is the first DOUBLE-WIDTH piqué to be made—43/44 ins.—which is a great advantage in making up. It is especially strengthened between the cords, to prevent splitting and tearing.

Your draper can supply you with Tootal's Pique, in four different widths of cord, in white, ivory, tussore and a variety of guaranteed fast-dyed colours, at one fixed price of 2½ the double-width yard.

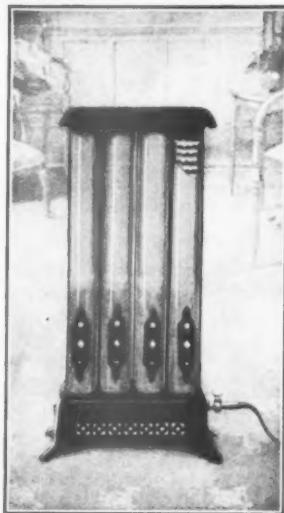
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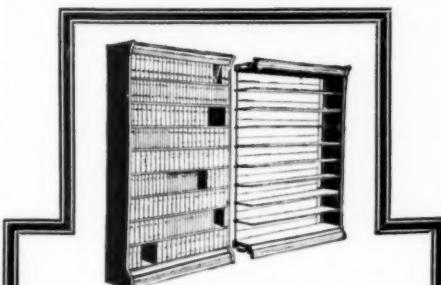
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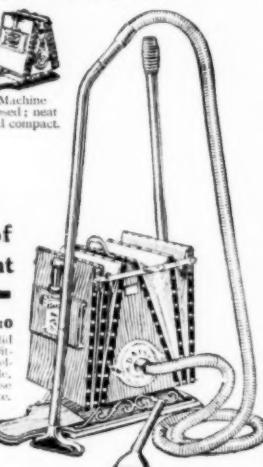
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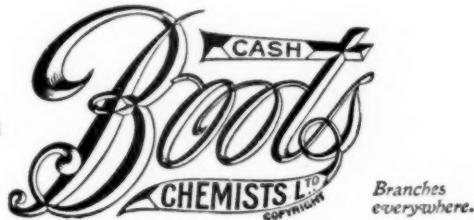
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# BOOKS FOR LENT

Some Volumes, Old and New, that will Prove Helpful

By THE EDITOR

WE hardly need to be again reminded that "of making books there is no end" yet with the hundreds of volumes pouring from the press every year the ordinary reader will welcome some guidance in the choice of books, particularly at the Lenten season.

## Remember the Old

First of all, it would not be inappropriate to advise that the old classics of religious literature be not forgotten. Such books as Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ" will never grow out of date. The "Imitation" has an old-world flavour, yet—apart from the Bible—there is none like it for getting the soul into direct touch with its Saviour. Millions of Christians of all creeds have followed à Kempis into the secret places of the heart, and it is almost trite to recommend such a volume were it not that the young reader is in danger of neglecting the old in the multitude of new counsellors. The "Imitation of Christ" is published in a multitude of editions. A serviceable one is issued in "The People's Library" (8d. net; leather, 1s. 6d.).

## Some New Works

But most of my readers need no help with the old and tried masters. To them it may be of service to mention some of the new works which are continually making their appearance, and which appeal to us as being the products of our own age, written in the language of to-day.

## "Jesus, Son of Man"

I have just been reading an advance copy of a new volume by the Rev. Richard Roberts, entitled "Jesus, Son of Man" (Cassell and Co.; 1s. 6d. net). Mr. Roberts has tried to get away as far as possible from the stereotyped preconceptions that so often hinder us, and has endeavoured to present a new portrait of Jesus as He appeared to His contemporaries. The series of studies that have resulted are delightfully fresh and inspiring, and should help thousands to get a new impression of the life of their divine Lord. Mr. Roberts starts with "The Awaking," deals with "The Sealing and the Testing," and then treats of Jesus in His various relationships of life—"Jesus, Leader

of Men," "Jesus the Teacher," "Jesus in Controversy," "Jesus in Society," "Jesus in Prayer," "In Agony," "In Death," etc.

## Bishop Boyd Carpenter

I have before referred to the little volume by Bishop Boyd Carpenter entitled "Life's Tangled Thread." This consists of a series of articles which appeared in *The Quiver* a year or two since, and has been peculiarly helpful to thousands of readers. (Cassell and Co.; 1s. net.)

## The Bishop of Durham

Among the many volumes written by the Bishop of Durham, "Faith: Its Nature and Its Work" (Cassell and Co.; 3s. 6d.) still stands out. The book makes no pretension to deal with its momentous subject-matter in a fashion either scientific or exhaustive. To be suggestive of further inquiry and reflection is one of its chief purposes, and to be practical is its chief purpose of all.

## Dr. Arthur W. Robinson

"The Voice of Joy and Health" has always seemed to me to be somewhat of a misnomer for the admirable volume by Dr. Arthur W. Robinson, Vicar of All Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower. It consists principally of lectures which were delivered at an "Abbey Service" in St. Margaret's, Westminster, during the time that the Abbey was closed in preparation for the Coronation of King George. Really, the aim of the volume is to set forth the principles of earliest Christianity, simply and freshly, in order that many may be helped to gain to-day a fuller measure of the joy and health which were its outstanding characteristics. It may be thoroughly recommended for Lenten reading. (Cassell and Co.; 1s. 6d.)

## Harold Begbie

The series of articles on "Religion and the Crisis," which concluded in our last number, has been taken by Mr. Begbie for the foundation of his new volume, to be published just before Easter ("Religion and the Crisis," Cassell and Co.; 1s. net). My readers who have followed the series in these pages will not need to be reminded of its importance, and will be anxious to have the treatment of this subject in its fuller form.

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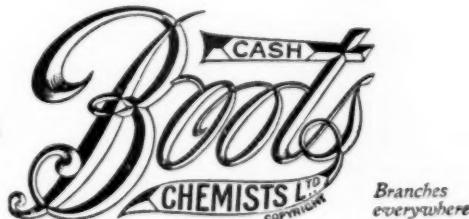
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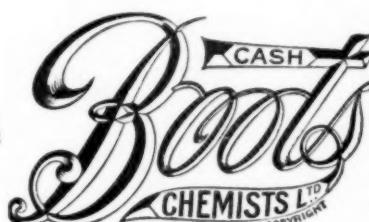


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"He put his boat toward the shore, jumped overboard, and waded landwards with hands uplifted in peace."—See p. 469.

Drawn by  
A. C. Michael.



# THE QUIVER



VOL. XLVIII., No. 5

MARCH, 1913

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

A TRIBUTE TO HIS IMMORTAL MEMORY

By Sir HARRY JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

David Livingstone was born on March 19, 1813, and this month the centenary of his birth is being celebrated all over the world. Here is the tribute of a great explorer to the memory of an even greater one.

WHAT are the outstanding features of Livingstone's personality and life-work? His physical type belonged more to the Iberian than to the Caledonian, Scandinavian, or Teutonic elements of the Scottish population. In fact, with his black hair, brown eyes, dark moustache, and somewhat sallow complexion, he might easily have passed for a Spaniard of the north of Spain. This Spanish look reappeared in the handsome face of his daughter, Agnes Livingstone Bruce.

### From the Highlands

Livingstone's type is one which occurs over and over again in Ireland. He was, as we know, of Highland stock, like so many people who colonised the banks of the Clyde in the eighteenth century. His grandfather was a Highlander of the Island of Ulva, off the west coast of Mull, and he or his ancestors originally bore the name of MacLeay—"Son of the Greyheaded." How this patronymic came to be translated into "Livingstone" is not clear. Most of the Highland "Gows" who settled in the Lowland manufacturing districts of Scotland (when during the eighteenth century the great Scottish renaissance took place) trans-

lated their names literally into "Smith." There must, however, have been a considerable clan of "Livingstones" (the name has had several variants, such as Liviston and Livingston), and the quality of this clan must have been one of dogged enterprise, to explain the appearance of many Scots bearing this surname in all parts of the world during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—in Central America, South America, North America, Africa and India.

### Personal Features

David Livingstone in course of time lost the somewhat Spanish look of his early manhood. Before he was fifty the moustache and whiskers were grey-white, and the abundant head-hair was turning iron-grey. He was only sixty when he died, and by that time was a white-haired man. But negro porters and Arab chiefs who knew him in the last two years of his life have told me that his eyes remained bright and penetrating.

In his disposition he was never in his youth and middle age—thank goodness!—what is called conventionally "a perfect character." He really only reached sainthood—that development of mind and



The Room in Blantyre where David Livingstone lived as a Boy.

From an  
L.M.S. photo.

intellect in which selfishness has entirely vanished, jealousies and rivalries have been forgotten—at the time when Stanley first encountered him at Ujiji, on the shores of Tanganyika. By this time he cared little whether A, B, C or D fore-stalled him in the establishment of any one of his geographical theories, whether X had been perfectly loyal, or Y had cared enough for his interests. He wanted, if possible, to prove that the great river he had discovered in the heart of South-Central Africa was the head stream of the Nile; but still more he wished to awaken the world to a realisation of what the devastating slave-trade of the Arabs meant for the fate of Central Africa. By this time it may even be said he had ceased to be an imperialist. Failing Great Britain as the redresser of Africa's worst hurt, he would have welcomed Turk, Frenchman, or American as the establisher of law and order in Central Africa.

#### Religious Views

His religious views at all times were probably more in accord with the spirit

of to-day than with the narrow sectarianism of the early nineteenth century. He was brought up, of course, very strictly as a Presbyterian. His father, indeed, was a bigot, who actually endeavoured to prevent his son from reading scientific works or books of travel in order that he might give his whole attention to weary dissertations on theology; so that, as Livingstone himself recorded, the differences between the two at last reached the point of open rebellion on the part of the son, who received his final flogging because he refused to read "dry, doctrinal" works on Christianity.

The mistaken zeal of his father inspired in David Livingstone a "dislike to religious reading of every sort, which continued for many years afterwards." Yet David Livingstone was an intensely religious man of a modern type. He realised, whether he put it into words or not (and in his few self-revelations he may be said almost to have done so), that God fulfilled Himself in many ways, that the Hebrew Scriptures and the Greek New Testament were not the only Bibles

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

given men to study, nor was inspiration limited to Jews and Graeco-Syrians. From early boyhood David Livingstone evinced the strongest possible desire to decipher and understand that great Bible, the book of the Earth itself. After a study of all the records and remembrances of his boyhood, which I obtained in 1889 and 1890 from conversation with his surviving sisters, and old playmates who had known him at Blantyre, I ventured to write these lines: "David Livingstone . . . in his early botanical and geological rambles in the fields and on the hills, and his tendency to reason and theorise from his observations, might have become a second Darwin." Yet this bent of mind in one who was described to me by an old playmate as "not a by-ordinary laddie, but just a sullen, quiet, feckless sort of boy," made him long not only to be an explorer of strange lands, but a missionary to savage peoples, a missionary of the most modern type, desirous of propagating not special and disputable doctrines, but the real spirit and practical truths of Christianity. He himself relates that he was attracted (when a student at Glasgow University) to the London Missionary Society "because of the unsectarian nature of its Christianity"; by whom, nevertheless, he was very near being rejected for the missionary career, because, though he had qualified remarkably in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, theology, chemistry, and medicine, he displayed a "lack of fluency in extempore prayer."

### Livingstone and China

Livingstone wished, at first, to go to China, where the missionary work which has since led to such prodigious results—the regeneration of a nation of 450,000,000—was just beginning: a possible regeneration which Livingstone, with his curious prophetic insight, seems to have once or twice foreshadowed. The alternative to China which he himself proposed was South Africa.

I have referred to the undoubted fact that he was not faultless, and therefore not beyond the range of our sympathies. It says much for the inherited broadness of mind of his daughter, the late Mrs. Bruce (who asked me in 1890 to write a life of her father), that she placed at my disposal, without restriction, all the family correspondence concerning Livingstone which she could gather together, in order that the man's character might, as far as possible, be revealed by the letters which he wrote and the notes which were written to and about him.

### Livingstone as Critic

He was thus shown to me, firstly, as one who had the courage at that day to confess a great sympathy with certain aspects of the Church of Rome (a trait in



A Watch as Peacemaker:  
An incident in Livingstone's travels.

Drawn by  
Ernest Prater.

## THE QUIVER

his nature which subsequently gained for him the friendship and help of several Portuguese ecclesiastics in East and West Africa), but also as a too pitiless critic of other missionary comrades of undenominational Christianity whom he found at work in South Africa. No doubt their pettiness of mind, mutual jealousies and love of scandal deserved the lash of his pen, and, what seems to have been coincident, his outspoken denunciation in bitter and cutting speech.

In the subsequent adventures of his life he showed himself occasionally jealous of the work of his subordinates, and unjust (as in the case of Thomas Baines) where he thought too independent a line of action was being adopted likely to diminish his personal prestige. Yet even

here one must be cautious about blaming Livingstone, since Fate has only preserved the attacking criticism, and not the reply and explanation which Livingstone might have made to these slight aspersions on his disposition.

### Livingstone's Ambition

One can see in his early letters that he was tremendously ambitious. "I thank God that I have no desire to accumulate money," but he was positively greedy about acquiring knowledge. Yet his other passion was the cause of the natives, and the two passions ran co-ordinately, perhaps to the time of his death: the desire to make Africa fully known to the world in its geography, fauna, flora and economic possibilities, and at the same time to do this for the benefit of the African.

He had not been many months in Bechuanaland before he found himself differing from what was called "the colonial feeling," and defending the much-abused Dr. Philip as a "staunch advocate of the coloured population." He found fault with some of his brother missionaries for having gone over to the white colonists and the Boers in the matter of native rights and the limitations which should be placed on native education. He had already heard at that time (the autumn of 1841) rumours of Lake Ngami and the intention of the French Protestant missionaries to reach this lake before anyone else, an intention which at once set his mind longing for the achievement himself, so that he resolved then and there to master the Sechuana language and prepare himself in other ways to be an explorer.

Indeed, after spending six months isolated from all European society at the place now called Molepolole, "in order to gain an insight into the habits, ways of thought, laws and language of that section of the Bechuana race called the Bakwena," he made a northward



Livingstone preaching to the Makololo,

Drawn by  
Ernest Prater

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE

dash in 1842, which brought him to within a short distance of Lake Ngami. Returning from this adventure, he settled for a time at Mabotsa within the frontiers of what is now the Transvaal State.

### Livingstone and the Boers

He married at the end of 1844, and in the company of his wife lived a somewhat wandering life in the north and middle of the Transvaal. This direction of his wanderings brought him into contact with the Boers, who during the 'forties of the last century were crossing the Vaal and colonising in increasing numbers what was then the eastern part of Bechuanaland.

The Boers had—but perhaps unintentionally—saved one section of the Sechuana-speaking Bantu negroes from extermination. They had by extraordinary exhibitions of pluck and strategy completely defeated the great army of Zulus under Umsilikazi, and had expelled them from the territories which have since been known as Basutoland and the Orange River State. The Boers had even followed up the Zulus across the Vaal and finally ended by driving them northwards over the Limpopo; thus for a time leaving much of the Transvaal territory open once more to the recovery and increase of the tribes of Bechuanaland stock.

But they had also conceived vast ambitions now they had tasted power as conquerors. They had determined to conquer Natal on the one hand, and to spread right across Bechuanaland on the other, to the unknown regions beyond, of lakes, rivers, forests and uncountable herds of elephant, buffalo, and antelope. They were going at all costs to cut off the British from any northward extension, and they had intended to build up a series of great slave states in which the negro should toil for the white man's exclusive benefit.



Through Fevered Wastes :  
Pursuing his journey in spite of sickness.

Drawn by  
Ernest Prater.

Livingstone at once objected to the species of *corvée* which they had already imposed in the middle of the 'forties on such tribes of the Transvaal as they could dominate. The Boers replied: "We make the people work for us in consideration of allowing them to live in our country."

Livingstone's description of the bloody scenes of the Boer raids, and of the terrible atrocities they committed (and which they justified by quoting the instructions given to the Jewish warriors in Deuteronomy), aroused considerable indignation in Cape Colony and in England. Yet the Colonial authorities not only refused to believe Livingstone, but actually objected to his taking with him ten pounds of gunpowder on his great journey to the Zambezi, lest by design or

## THE QUIVER

chance it might fall into the hands of the Bechuana, and so enable them to resist the Boers.

The last-named were not slow to take advantage of this coldness of the Imperial authorities towards Livingstone, and during the latter's absence in Cape Town in 1852 (whither he had gone to plead the cause of the Bechuana people) the Boers, without warning and unprovoked, raided the mission station of Kolobeng, plundered Livingstone's house of everything it contained, smashed his stock of medicine, sold his furniture and clothing by public auction, and, not caring for the transporting of his books, tore out handfuls of the leaves and scattered what had once been a good library all over the place. They confiscated all his cattle, including the oxen which had been left in his keeping

by English sportsmen or travellers. Nor was any reparation of these robberies ever obtained by the missionary and his wife.

### Livingstone as Explorer

Yet the results of their action were far other than the Boers could have contemplated, for their destruction of his home drove Livingstone (concurrently with his own ambitions) to find a better sphere of missionary teaching farther north; with the result that he eventually revealed to us the Zambezi River from its source to its mouth, all the more important southern affluents of the Congo, the great Lakes of Nyassa, Tanganyika, Bangweulu, and Mweru, the River Ruvuma in East Africa, and laid the foundation of the important colonies and protectorates now known as Rhodesia and Nyassaland. And further, the Boer attack on Livingstone's station roused the spirit of the natives under the chief Sechele, a disciple and friend of Livingstone's, so that his people and other related clans in conjunction made a resistance sufficiently serious to prevent the Boers from incorporating their territory with the Transvaal State.

For thirty years they warded off the Boer advances, until the last-named, after their victories of 1881, made a determined attempt to annex Bechuanaland. Livingstone's successors, who long since had entered into the spirit and manner of his work, and whose education had produced such native chiefs as Khama, took up the Bechuana cause in the British Press and prevailed on the British Government to interpose; so that Livingstone's road to the north has been for all time preserved for what is now United South Africa, while the outcome of the work initiated by Livingstone at the grass-thatched court of Sechele has had full fruition in the present conditions of British Bechuanaland.



Victoria Falls, Zambezi.  
(First discovered by Livingstone.)

Photo by  
A. Lomas.

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"She dropped her bag, and ran at me with  
a cooing noise and tears in her eyes."

Drawn by  
C. E. Brock.

## ANGELS UNAWARES

By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY ARMFIELD

I HAVE never so much as seen Benjamin's eccentric sister Emily, who left Diddlesborough when she was a girl and earned her living lecturing. I knew she'd married and I knew she'd died: and that was all. When Louisa, who lives at Clapham, wrote to say Emily's daughter worked in a typewriting office, had been ordered rest, and could we take her in at once as she hadn't a penny, I felt it an imposition, and said so. Benjamin believes in sticking to his kin, however.

"She won't want entertaining if she's coming for a rest," said he.

"She'll want waiting on," said I. "And I've got to begin spring-cleaning on Tuesday, for I've engaged Mrs. Blogg, and I can't get out of it."

"There are only two of us, and we've Maria," said Benjamin.

As if twenty servants would make any difference to spring-cleaning! It's just one of those things you've got to do yourself. To think of a London visitor, and a stranger, coming in the middle of it, made me turn quite faint; but Benjamin wouldn't listen to reason, and wired to Louisa directly after breakfast.

Immediately the cab drew up I saw she wasn't the sort of girl we are accustomed to in Diddlesborough. Illness might account for the shining look; but I blushed to think of what the cabman must be thinking as she clasped her hands and stared up at the roof as if she saw cherubs on the eaves instead of swallows. Then she looked up the street to the elm trees round the church, and down it to the market house; I saw Mrs. Bidlake's curtains move, and had to come out to the porch. She dropped her bag, and

## THE QUIVER

ran at me with a cooing noise and tears in her eyes. I can't help it if she thought me stiff. The man was bringing up her tin trunk and Maria was gaping at us, to say nothing of every window down the street. Visitors aren't usual in Diddlesborough.

We live in the old-fashioned part on the hill, and I believe it is considered pretty; cyclists come with cameras in summer, and there's a post-card series which includes our house. Personally, I think it would be more convenient to live in the valley, nearer to the mill; but it was Benjamin's parents' house, and he has strong feelings. Still, I can't see what there is to cry about. The tears rose up in Jennie's eyes when Benjamin came home, and she was telling him how the sight of the town had made her well already; and he started blowing his nose and showing her pictures of him and Emily as children.

I don't know about being well; I told him after I had a presentiment we should end by having her on our hands, for the way she flushed looked to me like something internal.

Jennie was so taken up with hearing about Diddlesborough that she sat on, long after an invalid should be in bed; and I wasn't surprised that she was late next morning, and kept the breakfast things on the table a good hour after they should have been cleared away. I couldn't say anything, because I didn't know how ill she was supposed to be. I told her I couldn't be much with her that day, as the drawing-room was going to be turned out and all the ornaments washed. She didn't offer to help, but said she would be quite happy with a book.

When Mrs. Biggins called for a pot of black-currant jam for one of the parishioners she had to be shown in where Jennie was. I was busy in the garden helping beat the carpet, and couldn't come in at the moment; therefore they were left together for some minutes, long enough for Jennie to have reached the crying stage. When I opened the door Jennie was sitting on the sofa with her hands clasped on her knee, her face turned up to Mrs. Biggins, shining as if it had a light behind, and her tears running down.

She didn't seem to care, either. While Mrs. Biggins showed some proper sense of foolishness, she called out, "Oh, Aunt Mary, Mrs. Biggins has been telling me all about the awful way in which the women here are

treated. Oh, what a grand, grand day it will be when they get the vote! Mrs. Biggins says she's never seen before that that's what's wanted."

I should think she hadn't! The wife of a minister has to be a woman's woman, or the flock soon lets her husband hear about it. The idea of Mrs. Biggins wanting such a thing as suffrage made me flinch. As I looked for explanations, Mrs. Biggins stammered out that Jennie had been telling her a lot of things she'd never thought about; and if votes for women would make wages go up so that the women could stay at home and mind their children, and the men could earn enough to keep the home together—

"Oh, yes; and alter all the wicked laws about divorce," said Jennie, as carelessly as if she had been talking about a subject fit for a young girl to mention. "And child labour, and child murder. If a poor girl is brought up for killing her baby, the man—"

"Jennie," said I, breathless, "I won't have such things mentioned in this house! And as for keeping women in the home—why, they've got to go outside the home to vote; that's the whole *point*."

"They don't spend more than five minutes at the ballot-box," said Jennie, wide-eyed now, as if she were seeing a theatrical performance. "And they spend twelve hours every day of their lives in the dreadful mills, and are sweated then so that the man and woman together can only earn enough—"

Benjamin has mills. I said to Mrs. Biggins that it would be news for him to hear she'd turned political agitator, which brought her to her senses. Then I got her the jam, and said I should not be able to attend the Dorcas that afternoon, but perhaps she'd like Jennie to come and hear some more news about the injustices in Diddlesborough.

Jennie was dabbing her eyes still when I came back. Before I could ask her who'd begun to talk about the wages at the mills, she burst out with "Oh, auntie dear, how wonderful you all are here! It's like coming into another world after the loneliness and rush of London. Imagine Mrs. Biggins coming to you as a matter of course for anything she wants for those in need! And what an unselfish life she leads—at everybody's beck and call! Oh, I do think

## ANGELS UNAWARES

women are so wonderful ! Don't you ? I'm so proud to be one—so proud ! "

" We believe that the home is the woman's right place here," said I.

And if her eyes didn't fill again as she answered, " Yes ; I'm beginning to think so too, after the things Mrs. Biggins has been telling me. I never realised married women had to leave their homes at five in the morning and not get back till seven, and then have everything to do. I've only seen the suffrage question up to now as something that was merely just."

" Women have no business in politics," said I shortly, and went out before she could say they'd none in the mills. I knew the pay was small ; Benjamin had admitted it. But then, as he said, what was one to do ? He had quite enough anxiety and trouble as it was to look after his captain, with business so uncertain. A general rise in wages would mean ruin for all.

I thought of all this some time after. One never does think of an answer at the time it's needed.

Half an hour before the midday meal, Maria found we were out of butter. As Jennie was sitting doing nothing, I asked her if she'd mind going to the grocer's, and she said she'd be delighted. Mrs. Blogg and I went on with the drawing-room and got the carpet down, while Maria laid lunch. I was thinking what a long morning it had been, when she appeared at the door to say it was after two, and did I think the young lady had lost her way.

We were all as black as sweeps. I'd put on my oldest dress on purpose, and Maria was in her worst spring-cleaning temper. I didn't know who could go and look for Jennie, but, as Maria said, we couldn't start lunch

without the butter, so at last I had to go in a mackintosh, which looked ridiculous in blazing sun, but was the only thing I'd got to cover up enough.

Diddlesborough is usually deserted at midday, and I didn't see a soul in the short walk to the grocer's. The street was so silent I could hear, though ; and so I was prepared for Jennie sitting on a chair beside the counter, with her chin on her clasped hands, and her eyes, still moist but sparkling, fixed on Stubbs.

Stubbs is a sandy-coloured man, whose eggs are never to be trusted, and whose goods one has to weigh.

Jennie turned with a bright flash, and Stubbs dropped the tin that he was holding.

" I've been telling Mr. Stubbs about the



" Jennie . . . with her chin on her clasped hands, and her eyes, still moist but sparkling, fixed on Stubbs."

Drawn  
by  
C. E. Brock.

## THE QUIVER

Consumers' League," said she, "and he thinks it such a good idea."

"We've been waiting an hour for lunch," said I, deciding on plain fact as being most effective.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" said Jennie, all penitence. "Mr. Stubbs has been so interesting, though."

My mouth stayed shut like a vice as Jennie toiled along, rather breathless, but telling me that being in Stubbs's shop was exactly like being in the centre of the universe—all countries had sent goods to it; men of every nation had gathered and packed the contents of the canisters. Angry as I was, I marvelled at her imagination.

When we got home she remembered she'd forgotten the butter, and we sat down to cold tongue and dry bread and cold rice pudding, with Maria setting each dish on the table like a thunderclap. Jennie was sorry, but soon forgot the butter in conjuring up pictures of rice lagoons, pepper-trees, salt-mines, mustard-fields, boundless prairies and Chicago stockyards. When she took to seeing pictures of the hands each grain of wheat had passed through, I told her pretty sharply I should soon be sick.

She looked surprised, and said she thought gratitude was such a lovely feeling to eat one's dinner with. I preferred butter, and said so.

When I went back to the drawing-room I was thoroughly tired out: certainly not in the mood for callers. Only a thoughtless girl like Kitty Ripple would have rung that afternoon, when everyone could see the drawing-room curtains were down and covers over everything.

When I'd run upstairs and changed and got into the dining-room, I heard someone giving what sounded like a recitation. Kitty was sitting attentively, however, and I found out it was only Jennie talking. From the rapturous look she turned on me you'd have thought she'd just come into a fortune.

"Miss Ripple likes Keats," said she. "And Browning. Isn't it glorious? And she paints!"

If she had said she flew she couldn't have announced it with greater interest, almost awe.

It was no surprise to hear Kitty wasted her time in such ways. Anything would suit Kitty that was an excuse for getting out of helping her mother in the house.

"I hope you've been apologised to for being shown in here," said I. "I suppose Jennie's told you we're spring-cleaning?"

A tactful girl would have given her message and gone. But Kitty sat, spellbound.

"It doesn't matter one bit," said she. "I wouldn't have minded being shown into the kitchen."

"We have the same favourite poems," said Jennie, still as if she were announcing the fortune.

"Has your mother started her spring-cleaning yet?" said I, entertaining Kitty as she insisted upon staying, though I didn't conceal what I thought of her for doing so.

"Spring-cleaning!" said Jennie softly. "What a lovely word!"

There she was, with her chin tilted and her eyes staring out of the window in a sort of trance, such as I'd once read dancing Dervishes get into.

"And how Diddlesborough wants it!" said Kitty. "Oh, I do hope you'll stay! We haven't anybody here to help us to grow."

I suppose she got that blasphemy from the books she reads.

"Well, Kitty," said I, "I suppose our Creator's guiding us, even in Diddlesborough."

"Oh, but I mean intellectually," said Kitty, colouring a little. "You must admit there is nothing of that sort here."

"I can't say, for I've more important things to think about," said I. It always made me angry to hear chits like Kitty running down the place she lived in. "Things that have got to be attended to."

"Oh, but nothing's so important as beautiful thoughts," said Jennie, and turned to Kitty with her flushing smile, and said, "What a lot you are doing for Diddlesborough!"

Kitty Ripple doing anything for anybody!

I choked as she smiled sheepishly and said not as much as she should like or ought to; and when Jennie went on to say that loving poetry was one of the best ways of helping any place, I won't pretend I wasn't angry, and Kitty got up rather hastily.

I couldn't bring myself to go back to Jennie after, somehow; and besides, the ornaments had all to be put back. But when Benjamin came home I had to hear her holding forth. To listen to her you'd

## ANGELS UNAWARES

think Mrs. Biggins and Stubbs and Kitty were philanthropists, instead of ordinary selfish people like everybody else. I like truth, and could scarcely keep my chair.

The most exasperating part was Benjamin's surprise and pleasure. He thinks the world of Diddleborough. And that Jennie should come down from London and find all this in it seemed to turn his head. I must say when she talked Diddleborough did seem to change from a sleepy little town to a place alive with possibilities. She saw everybody as a point from which streamed influence, all for the good of the town and yet linked up with the world.

She asked if we had a glee club and picture exhibitions and a dramatic society, and a women's suffrage club, and a social reform organisation; and when Benjamin said "No," began to plan them out, starting from Mrs. Biggins and Stubbs and Kitty and Benjamin and me. When she arrived at the Consumers' League, I'd got such a headache I had to go to bed. She wasn't down till ten o'clock next morning, and a more washed-out ghost I'd never seen. It was particularly annoying, because I had planned to do the dining-room and hall; and I couldn't have crumbs in my clean drawing-room. So she ate her breakfast in the middle of us taking up the carpet. We hadn't properly done the drawing-room: the curtains were still down and the brass not cleaned; but I lifted an end of the dust-cloth from the sofa for her to sit on, and later on took all the covers off. She was quiet at lunch, and I had a chance to go through all the worries of the morning and what I'd got to do that afternoon. Little did I know then what was before me.

At three o'clock, when we were french-



"There was Jennie lying in a faint across the carpet" — p. 464

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polishing the furniture, a double knock sounded, and there was Lady Darwent come to call. I had to race upstairs and get into my best dress, with Maria all thumbs helping, but it couldn't be got into under twenty minutes. I nearly as anything sent word I was out, only that she'd know no one could be out in the middle of spring-cleaning, even though she lives in too large a way to realise what it means. It didn't improve my state of mind to know she was shut up with Jennie. If there is one thing Lady Darwent is determined to put down (and there are many things), it is votes for women. As the Lady of the Manor she feels responsible for Diddleborough standards. She has called on me once a year since Benjamin's been

## THE QUIVER

made a governor of the hospital, and some Fate always makes her take me at a disadvantage.

I heard her voice and Jennie's raised high, and stood for a second before I could bring myself to face them. The way Lady Darwent looks at you, in her most amiable mood, sends cold shivers down you.

I pushed open the door at last, and saw Jennie seemingly having a vision. Words cannot express my feelings when Lady Darwent turned to me with the same half-pleased, half-sheepish smile I'd seen on Kitty.

"I've been telling your niece about our schools," said she. "She's kind enough to wish to see them."

Of course, I knew there were schools, and that Lady Darwent was on the board of management, just as she was a governor of the county hospital and everything else a woman in her position had to be.

I said "Yes" in a foolish way, and began to apologise about spring-cleaning; which opened the way for Jennie to chime in enthusiastically about the housewife branch that Lady Darwent had been telling her about.

She went just as Maria was bringing in the tea—delayed, of course, because they'd let the kitchen fire out—but said I must bring Jennie to see her, and that she'd fix an afternoon to show her over the schools. I came back from the hall half angry and half flattered, and then gave a jump. Never in my life had I had a spring-cleaning that came up to this. There was Jennie lying in a faint across the carpet. That meant both Mrs. Blogg and Maria leaving everything and us all getting her up to bed.

I saw to her myself, for I didn't like anyone else to see how shabby her belongings were. It gave me quite a turn to see how her things were darned and patched; nothing pretty or comfortable even, but everything of the poorest quality, from her hairbrush to her shoes. Everything was spotless—I will say that—and the secret of her late rising came out, for the table was piled up with examination papers, and that was the first thing she spoke of when she came to. It seemed she eked out her living by correcting papers half-way through the night, and a batch had to go off by the evening post.

I put them up and addressed them for her, and then said very sharply that she

wasn't to think of doing another while she was with us. I also told her to go through the multiplication table, hoping that would keep her mind reposed; she lay in a dazed way, smiling though, and I caught the words "leader" and "progress," and gathered she was fixing up Lady Darwent's mission.

It was no use calling in old Dr. Noakes; the trouble was staring me in the face—enthusiasm! As she told me she'd boarded herself, I diagnosed starvation had something to do with the trouble also, and sent out for a chicken and some extract of beef at once. One can't have cooking when one is spring-cleaning, and I can't say the meal had been exactly appetising.

She sipped some beef-tea and fell into a doze, and I went down to wait for Benjamin. It seemed as if I'd lost my interest in what Mrs. Blogg was doing, or not doing. An hour ago spring-cleaning had seemed the only thing that mattered; and now it didn't seem to matter at all. I couldn't get away from the thought of those poor little belongings, patched and darned till you'd think a girl couldn't have the spirit to go on mending. And those piles of papers crossed and crisscrossed with her neat writing. And that thin, shining little face lying helpless but blissful on the pillows, thanking God for people like Lady Darwent and Stubbs—and Benjamin and me. While I was giving her the beef-tea she tried to get out her impressions of us. As I said, I like truth, and didn't feel like smiling.

Benjamin's no better than other men in business, and I'm certainly no Good Samaritan.

She stayed in bed for some days: I kept her there; it seemed to me she couldn't think quite so hard lying down. But, dear me, when Stubbs heard, and sent a tin of African peaches he'd just had in as a present, her pulse went up; and when Kitty Ripple brought books and sat and read all afternoons, and Mrs. Biggins left some of her weedy sweet peas, and Lady Darwent called to take her to the schools and appeared as anxious as any ordinary woman when she heard, and sent in fruit and flowers till the bedroom looked like a conservatory—why, those thoughts of hers went careering to the skies.

She came down at last, and now that the spring-cleaning was over the house was more

## THE PERFECT STRAIN

comfortable for her, and the colour came back to her lips, and she put a little flesh on. She got so well she began to talk of going.

Then Benjamin brought out the plan he'd talked out with me.

"I've always meant to do something for the town," said he. "Sometimes I've thought I'd leave money to the hospital, or found almshouses. But it never came into my head that the town needed what you've seen in it. Why, even since you came the cliques are breaking in a way I couldn't have believed possible. I don't know but that Diddleborough mayn't turn out what you think it, if you stay here long enough."

"I don't understand," said Jennie, turning to me in a dazed way, but not tearful.

"I want to give the town a social secretary," said Benjamin. "A business proposition, mind—regular hours and no overtime. You shall turn your hand to everything that needs doing in mornings only, and

occasional evening meetings. Afternoons reserved for out-of-door pursuits and pastimes." Then he named the allowance we'd fixed, only he called it salary.

Of course, Jennie had to cry again. But I'd got used to her by now; in fact, it looked for a minute as if Benjamin and I had caught the habit.

So I spoke out sharply, and said if she was going to stay I couldn't have so much enthusiasm—it wasn't healthy.

She admitted it was wearing, but said everyone was so beautiful, it was difficult to keep down the rejoicing. As Benjamin said after, she spoke as if everyone was the Apostle of some Great Idea.

Benjamin's doing well, even though the wages have gone up lately at the mills; and there's undeniably a friendlier feeling in the place; people do seem nicer when they're thinking of Ideas instead of one another. The chief result to me is that Jennie's getting quite a healthy colour.



## THE PERFECT STRAIN

JOY sang! Her music rapt the willing sphere;  
Flowers rose to greet her as at spring of year;  
Bird voices swelled in shrill responsive strain,  
And all the world of men awoke from pain!

Yet under all her song my spirit sought  
The deeper note by lonely Sorrow caught.

Grief sang! The stormy music sobbed away,  
And like a sigh arose the plaintive lay:  
Night fell upon the earth, and o'er it crept  
The wail of women who for lovers wept.

Sweet was the strain, most sweetly, nobly sad,  
Yet missed I much Joy's anthem of the glad.

"Sing not," I said, "ye voices, Joy and Grief!  
From both your strains my soul would have relief;  
Sing not at all: too full is life, too brief!"

Then each at once, permission taking, sang;  
Joy sang with Grief, their voices blended rang;  
Beneath the lilt of Joy deep Sorrow sighed,  
Above the wail of Grief aspiring Gladness cried.

And, lo! their music lapt my soul in peace.  
"Oh, Joy," I cried; "Oh, Grief, sing on and never cease!"

R. H. COLWELL.



Dr. Sir John Kirk, G.C.M.G.,  
the Companion of Livingstone.

Photo by  
London News Agency

# FACING DEATH — WITH LIVINGSTONE

The Romantic Story of Livingstone's Only Survivor

By BASIL MATHEWS, M.A.

A DARK-HAIRED young man with blue-grey eyes, a firm chin and strong decisive mouth, sat with head in hands, reading late into the night. The "upper room" where he and his father and mother and brothers and sisters lived was small, but marked by the scrupulous self-respecting cleanliness and austere dignity of the Scottish peasant.

The young fellow looked up as his mother, with smiling firmness, said :

"Now, David, it's near midnight. Remember ye've to go to the work in the morning."

David was reading again a little pamphlet that had somehow stirred his very innermost being, a simple, unpretentious "appeal" by Dr. Karl Gutzlaff, that erratic but brilliant pioneer who had gone as a missionary—dressed in Chinese costume—to live the Christ-life in the then closed land of the "Celestial Kingdom."

The factory lad closed his pamphlet and went to bed, but in his eyes was a shining gleam, for he had that day in the reading of those dozen simple pages made the vital and central determination of his life—to serve his Lord by imitating Him in the healing of men, and to do this in the foreign field.



Some months before this happened another youth, six feet three inches in height, having long ungainly limbs and a strong homely face, with deep-set twinkling eyes under a strong brow surmounted by a mop of stiff, black, intractable hair, strode angrily out of

a slave-auction room in New Orleans. He was a young Mississippi flat-boatman, whom his companions hailed as "Abe." As he came out of the room he too made the decision of his life, for, gritting his teeth in his wrath at the sights that he had seen of the shameful treatment of the negro girls in the auction-room, he declared :

"When I get the chance to hit slavery I'll hit it hard."



A New Portrait  
of Livingstone.

Specially painted  
by A. C. Michael.

How ludicrous it would have seemed to any contemporary cynic to hear of these two young men, with not five pounds of wealth between them—one in Scotland, the other in America—making their great resolves. But what a startling and dramatic rebuff history would have given to the cynic! Those two resolves, made within a short time of one another, resulted in the change of the entire history of the negro race in both hemispheres. For in Africa David Livingstone fought, even to his last prayer, against the slave trade, and in his death triumphed; while Abraham Lincoln, at the very time when Livingstone was struggling through the morasses of Africa, fought and slew slavery for ever in the United States of America.



Of all the men who took part in that most majestic and moving of authentic heroics in the world's history—the story of the marvellous journeys in which David Livingstone opened up Africa—only one



The House at Tette, on the Zambezi,  
where Dr. Livingstone and Dr. Kirk stayed.

From an old photograph  
by Sir John Kirk.

remains to celebrate the centenary of the birth of the hero on March 19.

It is, indeed, beautifully fitting that he is the very man who was ordained to carry out the greatest wish of Livingstone's life—the central and burning aim of all his endeavour, the ending of the East African slave trade—Sir John Kirk, G.C.M.G., who, as young Dr. Kirk, went out as the scientist of Livingstone's Zambezi expedition in 1860.

Sir John Kirk now lives in retirement at Sevenoaks. Besides being the destroyer of the East African slave trade, and the maker of British East Africa, Sir John was our consul for years in Zanzibar, and pioneer in the opening up and planning of administration in Uganda and Nigeria; one who has laid the foundations of Empire deeper and stronger than many men whose names are household words.

#### Sir J. Kirk's Curios

The home where he and Lady Kirk live, remote from all publicity, is in every niche of it furnished with astonishing curios: strange weapons and wonderful pottery, the tusks of elephants, the skins of wild beasts. Every one of these countless and priceless things has its story. One could stand for days without tiring by the side of Sir John Kirk as he leans on his ebony

stick to talk of one and then another of these things, and to tell the strange adventure with which it is connected. The keen scientist peeps through the administrator and statesman when you pause with him before an exquisite little antelope which he discovered, and find that he is as proud of its being called "Kirkii" as of his greater feats. He has so far waived his habit of great reserve as to allow me to use the stories that he gave in two long conversations.

When he went as a young scientist up the Zambezi with Livingstone, Dr. Kirk faced perils that even to-day stop one's breath as he narrates them, in order to open up Africa to the world and for Christ. He knelt with Livingstone beside Ma-Robert's grave, "anent Shupanga's brae" on the banks of the fever-stricken African river. They found Lake Nyassa together, and Dr. Kirk stood with him in their boat while savage arrows whistled past them and rattled on the boards.

#### The Arrows on the Wall

"You can see some of the arrows on the wall there," and he will stop his narrative to point them out where they hang on the wall of his dining-room. He told me how together Livingstone and he climbed moun-

## FACING DEATH—WITH LIVINGSTONE

tains, crept along the precipices by the Morumbwa Cataracts, shot rapids, stood in awe before "Sounding Smoke," the Victoria Falls, where to-day the roar of the railway train breaks the thunder of the cataract which Livingstone was the first white man to see. Kirk and Livingstone faced howling savages and converted them into friends, sawed the slave sticks from the necks of rescued slaves, and penetrated to Africa's hidden beauties of nature and horrors of humanity.

Sir John Kirk, besides having been Livingstone's intimate comrade in most difficult circumstances through many months of travel, and thus having a more intimate knowledge of him than any other living man, is also a cautious diplomat and a shrewd critic who weighs all his words and means each one of them. I therefore thought that this was a unique opportunity for finding whether some of the criticisms sometimes suggested against Livingstone had any vestige of foundation. I asked first of all whether it was true that Livingstone was overbearing with his colleagues.

"Never," was the immediate decisive answer. Sir John Kirk indicated that with the enormous issues at stake it was essential that Livingstone should make inefficiency and indecision impossible things, but that in doing this he never became in the least degree autocratic.

"With the Africans," said Sir John, "he was kind and firm. He made allowance for their weaknesses and considered their wants. He was at the same time absolutely firm with his men when necessary. His personal power over the African was greater than that of any man whom I have ever known."

"I looked up to him as my chief," continued Sir John, with a glow of enthusiasm in his face, "with respect and affection. He had no personal ambition. His one idea was to benefit Africa and the Africans. He was a true missionary. His absolute lack of any sense of fear amounted almost to a weakness. He would go into the most perilous positions without a

tremor or a touch of hesitation. I never knew him blench or show a sign of timorousness in any circumstances whatever. One quite amazing thing was the calm way in which Livingstone took on great responsibilities. Fear he had none; there was no bluster and no fuss. He just took it on."

Sir John told me how he had seen Livingstone on the Shiré, faced by threatening savages with poisoned arrows, put his boat toward the shore, jump overboard, and wade landwards with hands lifted in peace. The very daring of it, the perfect coolness and simplicity, seemed to paralyse them, and then Livingstone brought into play that curious power that he always had of securing the confidence of the African—a power which Sir John has never in his lifetime of African experience seen equalled.



Dr. Livingstone read the Bible through four times whilst he was at Manyuema.

Drawn by  
Ernest Prater.

## THE QUIVER

He then went on to tell of their further adventures together when on the way down the Zambezi towards Tette.

### On the Zambezi

"I remember," he said, "we were coming down the Zambezi from the Victoria Falls. The river, which was in places miles broad, had narrowed to some two hundred and fifty yards in the Kebrabasa Gorge. We went past the open banks to the gorges, where there was nearly precipitous rock on either side some yards in height, behind that a narrow plateau of rock from which mountains of jungle-covered rock rose. We knew that the Morumbwa Cataracts lay some way ahead. My canoe was leading, and Livingstone was in the canoe behind. The water, which must have been of fathomless depth, ran slowly. Suddenly there was an amazing swirl up from the depths, which caught my canoe and turned it over against a rock. The swirl came like a mound of water, as though a huge hippopotamus were rising.

"I shouted to Livingstone to keep back. My canoe was turned upside down, and all my notes, instruments, sketches, and specimens were carried away, never to be seen again. Fortunately the swirl of water set continuously against the rock, keeping both the canoe and myself there, otherwise I should have been drowned. The current dragged at my legs so violently that I thought a crocodile must have got them. Livingstone put back, landed, and pulled me out by ropes. We then found the previously unknown Kebrabasa Rapids were ahead.

"We could not take our canoes overland nor navigate them down these terrific rapids, so, having unloaded them, we sent the men back with them while we clambered on to where we could overlook the rapids. Then the men let the canoes go. One went over the rapids and down, down under the water, and we never saw it rise again; another went down and shot up again into the air, split in two from stem to stern.

"If the accident of overturning the canoe had not happened to me we should all infallibly have been swept over the rapids and nothing more would ever have been heard of us, for no trace of us could have been left, nor would any of our men have survived to tell the story."

As we strolled in the garden I remarked

on the strange ornaments at the side of the path—the skulls of an elephant and a hippopotamus!

"Yes," he said, stopping before the hippopotamus and lifting its enormous upper jaw until the huge head resembled a cavern; "I think I am the only man who has had his thigh between the jaws of a hippopotamus and has escaped.

### Adventure with a "Hippo"

"Livingstone and I were travelling in boats up the Shiré. I was lying back in the gunwale steering and taking little notice of anything save to keep the boat from running into a bunch of reeds, letting my leg rest carelessly the while along the edge of the boat. Suddenly a bucketful of water was hurled into the boat by the snout of a hippopotamus. He opened his enormous jaws—the lower jaw under the boat, the upper over my leg. Had he closed his jaws he would have crushed the boat and carried away my leg, but for some mysterious reason he turned and dived. One of our Makololo men turned to me and said of the deliverance, 'It is God's providence only.'

### Stopping the Slave Trade

Sir John then told the story of his supreme feat of stopping, once for all, the slave traffic on the East Coast of Africa.

"I got together the independent Arab chiefs, who were largely in control of the trade, and said to them, in the presence of the Sultan:

"I have seen what the slave trade means in the country around the lakes, and I have seen what you do there. This slave trade will cease, and shall cease."

"I told them what a blockade was, that I had one gunboat there, that eight more gunboats were coming, and that if they wished their ordinary trade, apart from the slave trade, to go on, and their own power to continue, they had better come to terms. I pressed this matter on them, because the Sultan could not have signed the treaty in face of their opposition. They went to him saying, 'For God's sake sign this treaty.'

"The Sultan signed. At that time his total income was £70,000 a year. He said to me, 'You have ruined me financially.'

"I told him that nothing of the sort would happen. In a few years he was reaping an income of £200,000 a year from

## FACING DEATH—WITH LIVINGSTONE

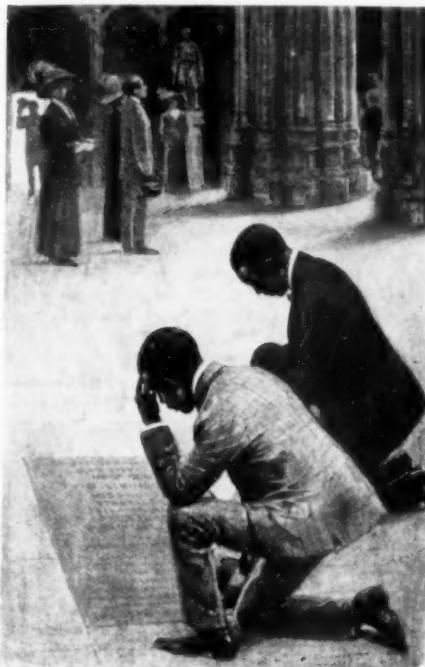
legitimate trade. Afterwards, whenever I wanted anything from him and he doubted whether it would be to his advantage to grant it, I would remind him of this matter. That always moved him."

Sir John Kirk's part in the ending of the slave trade by this treaty was the stoppage of the sources of supply—that is, he made slave hunting and the traffic in slaves illegal, closing the markets and stopping the cargoes. The actual holding of slaves was not made illegal, but the later abolition of the holding of slaves was made possible in a much easier way by this preliminary blocking up of the sources of supply.

I told Sir John Kirk of the plans, on a national and interdenominational scale, for celebrating Livingstone's birth in March, and he greeted them with enthusiasm, saying that just that broad, interdenominational spirit was the one that Livingstone himself would have desired, and which, indeed, led him to choose the London Missionary Society.

These celebrations are on a world scale, embracing all ages and sects, for Livingstone is a hero who belongs for ever to both the Anglo-Saxon and African races, and to the Church Universal. They range from the Albert Hall national memorial demonstration, with the Archbishop of Canterbury in the chair, down to the lantern lecture in the village church hall. But there will be no greater celebration than one which happened a few months ago, with but a few accidental onlookers.

"Sauntering down the aisle of West-



"I came across two negroes, reverently bowing low at the grave of Livingstone."

minster Abbey," wrote an onlooker on this scene, "I saw a sight which impressed me even more than all the sights of London. I came across two negroes, reverently praying and bowing low on their knees at the grave of David Livingstone. It was a beautiful and pathetic scene. Many times homage has been paid to the illustrious dead within the walls of Westminster Abbey, but I think no more eloquent homage could have been rendered to the memory of the great missionary and explorer than the devout action of these two of Africa's sons."

It is the noblest possible celebration of the centenary of the birth of the Pathfinder, the forerunner of Christ in Africa, that we "should bring increased devotion to that cause to which he gave the last full measure of devotion"; the great enterprise that shall bring all Africa's sons to kneel in the presence of Christ, Whose life and death gave the motive power to every step of Livingstone's heroic pilgrimage. It was the thought of this meaning and the life and death of Livingstone in the story of Africa that prompted Sir John Kirk to say to me:

"How happy Livingstone would be if he could see all that has happened, and is happening in Africa!" Then the face of the statesman lit up with the visionary look of the seer. "Where the slave market stood in Zanzibar—and how many times I have seen it thronged with captive Africans!—there now stands a cathedral. And the slavery is done away. How happy he would be to see it! . . . Perhaps he does."

# PRAIRIE FIRES

Serial Story

By ANNIE S. SWAN

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Hilary Craven is engaged to Robert Merrick, an honourably connected but penniless young man who has gone out to Canada to seek his fortune. Hilary's mother has from the first disapproved of the match, and before Robert starts she makes him promise not to write to Hilary for a year. Meanwhile she does her best to make other arrangements for her daughter, with the result that Mr. Lydgate, a local Squire of great fortune, proposes to the girl. Of course Hilary has to refuse him.

The year at last comes to an end. But Merrick has not prospered as well as he expected. The harvest was bad, and he has had no end of trouble with his cousin, Horace Gregory. Horace was a ne'er-do-well in the old country, and with a view of his reclamation, his father has bought a Canadian ranch, called "Brackens," making the two cousins partners in the venture. Merrick does the work, and Horace loafa and drinks. It is in such circumstances that Robert writes to his fiancée. He tells her plainly the facts of the case; but, in a passionate postscript, says he wants her badly. Hilary takes him at his word, and, despite her mother's non-consent, prepares to go to him.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE OPENING WAY

MR. CYRUS K. WHEELER, of Wheeler's Departmental Store, in Pittsburg, U.S.A., was much enjoying his visit to England.

Although he was forty-six years of age, it was his first visit, and he was now occupied in wondering how he had been able to exist so long without the experience. It might have been deferred indefinitely but for the fact that family business had brought him over rather hurriedly. His only sister, Hattie, married to an Englishman, and resident at Croydon, had been suddenly made a widow and left badly off.

This had happened in June, and Cyrus Wheeler had come over at once. It was August now, and he showed no signs of desiring to leave England.

But there came a day in the middle of August when a certain cable from Pittsburg indicated to him that his presence was necessary at home.

Cyrus had not always been the head of the departmental store; nay, he had once been its smallest unit—i.e. the elevator-boy, at everybody's beck and call. His story would make an interesting book, and when he could be got to talk of his early experiences he could hold his listeners enthralled.

But Cyrus did not talk much or often. He had the reputation of being one of the most silent and reserved men in the States. For that reason, perhaps, he had never entered Congress or taken any part in municipal life, although his brain was big enough to enable him to take a masterly grip of all public affairs.

Cyrus looked glum when the cable was handed to him at breakfast-time on a Saturday morning, just when he had arranged a little trip to Scotland with his sister and her children.

Their mother had been a Scotswoman from Loch Lomondside, and Cyrus had all the Scot-American's sentiment regarding the country of his forbears.

"It ain't going to come off, Hattie. This is from Howard Paton, and it means that I have got to go home."

"At once?" inquired Mrs. Ridley, looking rather disappointedly across the table.

"Next Saturday, probably. I'll cable to Howard to-day and wait for his answer. But the Scotch visit is off, that's a sure thing. Never mind; we'll come over again. Now, the question is: Can we get rid of this house and its fixings in a week?"

Mrs. Ridley looked a little bewildered.

"Why should we get rid of it?"

"Why, because I ain't going to leave you here—not likely! Where I go, you go now,"

## PRAIRIE FIRES

Hattie; and as Jim indicated that I was to see to the kids, he must have expected that I would take them to America. Wouldn't you like to go back, old girl?" "Oh yes; but it's a handful for you, Cyrus."

"You should wait till I call it a handful, Hattie. Providence knew what He was about in not letting me come across the right woman. I guess he understood that I was to come along and fetch up the Ridleys. Well, they're fine children, and do you credit, Hattie. The best plan for you will be to pick out the things you want to take over with you, and we'll leave the rest to some auctioneer to dispose of. You can be busy about that while I'm down town this morning finding out about berths on the steamer. It's pretty short notice we've got, but I hope we'll get a suite, and you must have somebody to look after the kids. I remember what a poor sailor you are, and I can't act as nursemaid."

Having settled these details with, figuratively speaking, a wave of his hand, Cyrus kissed his sister and the children, and stalked off to the station on the way to his business in town. As Hattie watched his big, slack figure go down the garden path her heart warmed to him. His stern, large-featured face, expressing a personality which strangers found so bleak and unapproachable, was a mask for the kindest, tenderest heart. A hard man he might be in business, but he was always a just one. There was very little discontent among the employees in the Wheeler block at Pittsburgh, and there was much competition for the few vacancies occurring in the store.

Where he was relentless was in matters of right and wrong. He seldom forgave any deliberate deviation from the right way. For that reason he was feared and disliked in many quarters, but he was far too powerful a man to care a jot for public opinion.

Fabulous stories were told of his fortune, but no one had any means of arriving at a correct estimate of its actual dimensions, because Cyrus hated display. Certainly he had built himself a palatial habitation, but it was said that in it he lived a simple, even a Spartan, life. Since coming to England, however, he had spent like a prince.

He made straight for the steamship offices, secured the suite he desired in the Norddeutscher Lloyd boat for the following Saturday, paid his cheque, and then

sallied forth on another quest. Having put a question to the head of the department in the shipping office, and received the address of an accredited employment agency, he proceeded immediately to try to find someone to travel with them in the capacity of governess or help for the children.

Shown into the waiting-room, he found himself the only man among three women, two of them middle-aged, and one of them young and most attractive to look at. She seemed to feel her position, Cyrus thought, and, being in his way a bit of a student of human nature, he tried to imagine the circumstances of her lot. She was simply dressed in a coat and skirt of dark blue serge, but she wore it with a distinguished air.

Presently the two ladies who had come first were ushered into the inner room, and Cyrus was left with the younger one. Contrary to his usual custom, he spoke to her.

"They seem pretty busy here, ma'am," he said in his blunt, rather harsh voice. "Know much of this sort of business?"

"Nothing at all," answered the girl, and her sweet voice appealed to him at once. "I've never been in an employment bureau before."

"No more have I, though I've been on my own since I was seven. You wouldn't be able to tell me, then, whether I could get what I'm seeking here?"

"What is that?" asked the young lady interestedly.

There was something about the big, frankly spoken man, so obviously American, which attracted her. His manner was friendly, but entirely respectful.

"Well, I'm an American," he said, with a very guttural roll on the word, "and I'm looking for somebody willing to take a voyage to Noo York to look after some children on the voyage."

"Your children?"

"Not exactly. They're my sister's, though I guess I'll be pretty well responsible for them from now on. She's a widow. It might be a permanency, and it's to Pittsburgh, U.S.A., she has to go. Do you think they'll suit me here?"

"I don't know. I should think so," said the girl, and she seemed to be seized suddenly with a sort of nervousness. "It's very odd you should tell me that, for I dropped in on chance this morning to inquire whether they ever had anything of the sort to offer. I want to go to America,

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but I can't afford to pay my own passage, and I could take care of little children."

"Now that's the queerest thing out, ain't it?" said Cyrus, lazily interested. "Perhaps it's just Providence throwin' us together. How can we get at the facts? Shall we have to go in and explain over the counter, or shall we talk it over here right now?"

"I don't know. Perhaps we had better wait till we can go inside," said the girl; but her tone was a little wistful.

"Look here. There won't be any harm in talking preliminaries, surely. My name's Wheeler—Cyrus K. Wheeler, from Pittsburgh, United States. There's my card. It's for my sister, Mrs. Ridley, that I want the governess. She lives at Croydon. Will you go down there and see her? I'll take you, if you like."

At the moment the inner door opened, and the two ladies who had preceded them came out. Hilary—for it was she—regarding them with a sudden quickening of human interest, observed that both looked deeply disappointed, one of them, as they hurried through the outer door, having tears in her eyes.

Their shabby clothes and their anxious looks proclaimed that they belonged to the great army of those who find life a sordid struggle for daily bread.

About ten minutes later Cyrus Wheeler and Hilary emerged into the street together. On the edge of the kerb he stood still, and looking at her keenly, watch in hand, said: "Look here, Miss Craven. I've a luncheon engagement with a man at the Waldorf, but I'll meet you at Victoria at a quarter-past two, if that'll suit, and take you down to Croydon myself."

Hilary looked doubtful.

"It is a long time to wait, and I live in the country. It would make me very late in getting home. Couldn't you give me your sister's address, and I will go down myself now?"

"I could, but I'd like you to take the job, Miss Craven, and I don't think you'd find it a hard one. My sister has had a bit of trouble herself, and it's trouble that softens folk in this world."

"It lies with Mrs. Ridley entirely," answered Hilary. "I shall be only too glad to take the post if she approves of me."

She spoke with a certain pride which indicated that she was quite new to the rôle of seeker in the world's market-place. Cyrus Wheeler was interested in her, and

he wanted to know a little more of her story, for Hilary had not as yet communicated more than the elementary facts that she wished to get to America and to give her services on the voyage in exchange for her passage-money.

Once more Cyrus consulted his watch.

"I can just do it," he said, beckoning to the driver of a taxi. "I'll take you down to Victoria and put you on the Croydon train myself."

Hilary meekly acquiesced in this masterly arrangement, seeing nothing very unusual about it. Had she possessed the smallest experience of life, she would have understood that it was very unusual indeed. She, however, took it as her right, or, at least, as a great kindness on the part of a man whom she had never before seen. She thought him one of the plainest men she had ever met, but there was a certain atmosphere about him, a suggestion of power which fascinated her.

About five o'clock that afternoon she alighted from the London train at Side Peveral Junction, and immediately, on the platform, came face to face with the Squire of Clampsey Manor. She coloured with chagrin, but he looked much pleased.

It was entirely on account of Mr. Lydgate that Hilary had taken that momentous step. Of late the situation at "The Folly" had become very strained. Acting on a hint from Mrs. Craven, Mr. Lydgate, completely infatuated with the beautiful girl whom he wished to marry, had renewed his attentions, and Hilary found it difficult, if not impossible, to altogether evade them. Perhaps she had once or twice, tempted by weariness, felt herself weakening. Anyhow, now she had taken the drastic step, and soon all would be over.

"Good afternoon, Miss Hilary," said Mr. Lydgate, with a beaming smile. "Have you travelled down from town?"

"Yes, of course," answered Hilary ungraciously. "Didn't you see me come off the train?"

"No. I wish I had seen you at Waterloo. You won't deny me the pleasure of driving you home?"

Hilary was just on the point of saying that she would much prefer to walk when, conscious of much physical weariness, and reflecting that it could not matter now though the whole world saw her driving in Mr. Lydgate's trap, she decided to accept his offer.

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"It is very kind of you, and, if there is room, I shall be very glad. I've had a tiring day."

Presently she was on the box-seat beside him; the smart groom sprang up behind and off they swept. It was most delightful on a hot, breathless summer afternoon like this to cut through the air at such a pace. It brought a soft flush to the girl's face, and her eyes shone. She did not ask to be put down at any of the approaches to the village, which, accordingly, was edified by the spectacle of the Squire driving Miss Craven in fine style up to the very gate of "The Folly."

Mrs. Craven, sitting at the open window, and busy with her embroidery frame, could hardly believe the evidence of her own eyes when she beheld the trap stop at the gate. She hastened out, all smiles, to speak a gracious word to the Squire and to invite him in to tea.

But when Hilary did not second the invitation, Mr. Lydgate decided to decline.

"So glad to have saved you the long walk on a hot afternoon," he said as he prepared to drive off. "There is no need for you ever to walk to the station so long as there are horses and to spare in Clampsey stables."

"Such kindness!" murmured Mrs. Craven as they turned away from the gate. "And doesn't he look handsome handling the reins—the beau-ideal of a country gentleman?"

"They seem pretty busy here," he said. "Know much of this sort of business?"—p. 473.

Drawn by  
Harold Copping.



Hilary laughed a trifle hardly.

"One day I heard you call him the beau-ideal of a great politician, mother! He seems to be like the chameleon—he frequently changes his colour."

"Why, of course. It's the mark of a great man to be able to fill many rôles, and all of them gracefully," Mrs. Craven answered, with a small snap in her voice. "Did you meet him in London?"

"Oh no. I only had the misfortune to come across him at Side Peveral. Can I have some fresh tea made, mother? I've had a tiring day."

"It is nearly six, but I dare say Bowlby will boil a kettle for you if you ask her."

Hilary passed through the small baize door in the passage and asked Bowlby, who was more than willing. She might have

## THE QUIVER

pointed out to her mother that there was no question of the lateness of the hour where Mr. Lydgate was concerned; but this was not the time to cavil at trifles. A bigger thing was in the air.

She came back to the drawing-room, smoothing out her gloves in her hand, and sat down on the edge of a chair.

"What have you been about, then, all day in London? Seen anybody?"

"None of the people we know, but I've seen others," answered Hilary nervously. "I went straight to an employment agency in New Oxford Street to ask whether they ever had anyone asking for a maid or a governess going out to America."

A small but rather startled smile flitted across Mrs. Craven's face.

"A wild-goose chase! I could have told you that, my dear, had you asked my advice before you went. These things happen only in books."

"Sometimes they must happen out of books, too, then, mother, for I got what I want."

"Well?" said Mrs. Craven quickly, and the tenseness of her voice indicated that she was deeply interested.

"I met a man at the agency—an American; we were in the waiting-room together, and he told me he was seeking someone to go out to New York with his sister, and look after her children on the voyage."

Hilary paused there, trembling very much. She was very new to all these vivid and heart-searching experiences, and she was still very sensitive to her mother's praise or blame.

"An American? A man you know nothing about—picked up in a registry office! My girl! Hilary, how dared you!" began Mrs. Craven.

Then, seeing Hilary's face, she drew herself up sharply.

"It is quite all right, mother. I went down to Croydon, and saw Mrs. Ridley and the children."

"You mean that you saw a woman and her children. How could you be sure that she was the man's sister? What references had you? Do you think for a moment that I shall allow you to go away with any kind of people to America? You must be out of your mind to suggest it!"

Hilary rose and, working her fingers nervously together, tried to explain.

"The people are quite all right. If you

like, you can go up to London and see them to-morrow, or come with me on Wednesday. I've promised to meet and lunch with them and settle the final details of the voyage."

"I won't do anything of the sort," replied Mrs. Craven coldly; "and, further, I forbid you to say another word about it."

"I am sorry, mother, that you take it like that, for the time before starting is very short. We sail in the *Kaiserin Augusta Victoria* from Southampton on Saturday."

"On Saturday next, do you mean?" asked Mrs. Craven, staring stonily at her daughter's face.

Hilary nodded.

"You have agreed to leave England, to take your chance with people you know nothing about, and, after leaving them, you will go on to marry a man who doesn't particularly want you, and who, anyhow, is not ready for you! To think that a daughter of mine should hold herself so cheap!"

The passionate scorn in her voice was galling. Hilary bit her lips and tried to force back the rising tears.

"Mother, it has all been so hopeless and so trying all the summer! I just feel that I can't bear it any longer. If you had left me in peace, even, I might have lived through another year. Instead, you have done your best to make me wretched. You have tried to undermine my faith in Robin, and, worse than all, you have tried to make me marry a man I don't care for and never could marry. You forget that I am no longer a child, but a woman, and that I have the right to live my own life."

It was the first time that Hilary had spoken out all that was in her heart. Just for a moment the selfish, scheming woman of the world cowed before the purity and truth of that young soul. Her angry eyes fell, and she turned with a little shrug of her shoulders.

"As I said before, I wash my hands of you. Your selfishness and folly transcend everything. How is this action of yours to be explained? What am I to say when I'm trying to tell them that you have gone away to America? Everybody knows that Robert Merrick isn't ready to take a wife, that probably he never will be until he is old and grey. You'll rue it, Hilary, to the last day of your life."

"If I do," said the girl, with a touch of sullenness, "nobody will ever know it."

## PRAIRIE FIRES

Mrs. Craven gave a small, mirthless laugh.

"There is always some kind friend to furnish the necessary and unpalatable details. You forget that Robert Merrick has a whole family of relatives in England, including the Gregorys, who, I understand, have already a good deal to say about their cousin that is not exactly what you might call complimentary."

Hilary wiped her dry lips with her handkerchief and swallowed something in her throat. The encounter between her and her mother was worse even than she had anticipated, and her soul was so sick that almost she could have run out of the house there and then and never entered it again. Looking at her mother's face, set in its sternest lines, she made her last appeal:

"Mother, can't you realise and accept the fact that I want to marry Robin Merrick, and that I shall never be anybody's wife except his? I have tried to be a good daughter to you, and everything was right until—until"—here her cheek reddened—"until I grew to be of marriageable age. Ever since then I have been made to feel as if I were a bale of goods for sale to the highest bidder. It's a horrible thing for a girl to feel like that, and I can't help saying that you have made me cheap to Mr. Lydgate. He has seen perfectly well how keen you are on my marrying him."

"Hold your tongue, you wicked, undutiful girl! After all I have done for you! I tell you I wash my hands of you! I shall go off to-morrow morning to Adelina Stor-month, in Mount Street, and stop there until after you have sailed."

"But, mother, now that it is to be, won't you—won't you be kind and help me, and send me off with a word of comfort and good cheer? Soon the seas will divide us, and perhaps we shall never meet again."

"That will be your fault. If you cared at all, you could not contemplate the step you are taking. To me and to all right-thinking people, it will seem simply monstrous!"

Her voice was hard, and her eyes had still the glitter of steel in them.

Hilary looked at her for a moment in sad silence, and then stole out of the room. Upstairs in her own room, she threw herself on the bed and gave way to such a passion of weeping that the sound thereof could be heard all through the house.

## CHAPTER XII

PITTSBURG, U.S.A.

"WELL, Miss Craven, it strikes me you don't get much of the fresh air," said Cyrus Wheeler genially as he met Hilary on the companion-way of the *Kaiscra Augusta Victoria* when they were on the third day out.

"I'm just going for a blow now," she answered, steadying herself on the rail. "Mrs. Ridley is feeling so much better, and she has the children with her. She sent me out."

"Sure thing, and so she ought. Come, and I'll steady you."

There was a long roll on the sea, and as yet Hilary had hardly found her sea legs. She had not been sick, but Mrs. Ridley had been so ill that she had needed the whole of her attention. Hilary had lived in the state-rooms, and had had her meals there, and on that account had had little opportunity of meeting her fellow-passengers. Cyrus Wheeler had been in and out, and had taken the children largely off her hands, but every moment of her time had been occupied.

She had been surprised at the magnificence in which the party travelled. They had the best suite of rooms on the steamer, and no expense was spared to add to their comfort. Hilary was the more surprised because the house at Croydon, though comfortable, had not been at all luxurious, and Mrs. Ridley had frankly admitted that she was a poor woman.

They got on well together. Hester Ridley had none of the idle rich woman's whims and fancies, and she was genuinely grateful for the kind attention Hilary had shown her, and felt more and more drawn to the girl every day. But as yet she had learned very little about her. Hilary had been very downcast that day they met at Waterloo to catch the boat-train, and the only person seeing her off was an elderly lady whom she briefly introduced as Miss Adeane. If she had any relatives, they either disapproved of what she was doing, or were too uninterested to come and wish her *bon voyage*!

But, as Mrs. Ridley remarked to her brother, it was no business of theirs to pry into Miss Craven's private affairs, and if she did what was required of her on the voyage they must be satisfied.

## THE QUIVER



Drawn by  
Gwendolyn Canning.

"Hilary paused there, trembling very much. She was new to these heart-searching experiences"—p. 476.

Cyrus, however, felt interested in the girl, and felt sure there was something behind. She was no adventuress. She looked so well-bred, and was so truly a gentlewoman in every act and word, that the mystery seemed to deepen every day. The children, Graham and Madge, and little two-year-old Charlie, simply adored her. It was a beautiful sight to watch them all together on the deck, and many a pair of eyes had rested admiringly on the beautiful girl and her charges. But she seemed utterly unconscious of the interest she created. All she cared about was to get to the other side.

Now that the ocean was rapidly widening the distance between her and her old

ter or a niece to Cyrus Wheeler.

"Well, and how goes it? Do you like the sea?" he asked genially. "First experience of it?"

"The first since I grew up. I can't remember the voyage from India I took when I was five years old."

"Were you born in India, then?"

"Yes. My father was a soldier."

"Dead—eh?" asked Cyrus sympathetically.

"Yes. He died when I was nine, but I never saw him from the time I was five, when I was sent home to England."

"Hard lines. Mother living?"

"Yes."

"Any brothers and sisters?"

surroundings, she was conscious of great relief. She had got clean away, cut herself off by one drastic move from the old life; and the new, all untried and alluring, beckoned her. Her face, in spite of her hard work and anxious watching in the state-room, had lost its look of strain, and the freshness of her colour was marvellous. She was certainly the most beautiful woman on the boat, and Cyrus was quite aware that glances of envy followed him as he piloted her along the slippery deck. That she was a mere paid dependent of the Wheeler party had not occurred to any of them. They had already concluded that she certainly was either a daughter

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## PRAIRIE FIRES

"One brother," answered Hilary; and from her monosyllabic answers Cyrus deduced the fact that regarding her relatives, at least, she was not inclined to be communicative.

"Going out West when we get to the other side—eh?"

"Yes."

"What part?"

"Canadian West, on the way to Vancouver," answered Hilary evasively, and her colour rose.

"But you won't be in a hurry, Miss Craven? We want to show you the States. I've a nice place in Pittsburg, and Hattie won't be pleased if you leave her the moment we land."

"Oh, I won't do that. Time is not so very precious to me, and I shall hate leaving the children."

"Cute little beggars, ain't they? They had a nice chap for a father, but it's a curious thing, Miss Craven, how some of the nicest men are, somehow, fated not to get on. Everything James Ridley touched seemed to be cursed. He tried heaps of things, and lost money every time. But he was one of the best, and he made my sister a happy woman. I take off my hat to his memory."

He raised his cap, and Hilary, much struck and touched, saw a wave of emotion pass over his face.

"She's been very brave, don't you think? She's never grumbled a bit in all the years I've known her. It was only when I came to England in June that I found out how hard-up they'd been most of the time. She never said a word about it, though she knew I was both able and willing to help. She stuck to him right through, as a brave woman and a good wife would."

"She was certainly very happy," said Hilary, and her face wore an odd and rather wistful expression.

"Of course she was. Happiness don't depend on dollars. I happen to know, because I've both had 'em and had to do without 'em. Happiness is inside of folks. Hattie's a splendid woman. Pious, very pious; but our mother was a Scotswoman—Presbyterian right to the backbone."

"I always thought Scotch Presbyterians were hard folk," observed Hilary interestedly.

"They are, till you get down to the kernel of the nut; then they're sweet, and sound, and wholesome. It's the kind of

hardness that's the backbone of the world, and I wish I saw a bit more of it in the country where I've come from," said Wheeler heartily. "Dooty ain't always the pleasantest path for folks to tread on, but it's the right one every time."

"But sometimes it's very hard to know where duty lies, don't you think?"

The subdued eagerness of her tone revealed to Wheeler that she spoke of what was vital to her at the moment. His interest in her deepened, and he began to wonder more and more as to her story.

"Sometimes maybe it ain't as plain as a pikestaff, but generally there's some kind of signpost, and there's always the still, small voice. It's kept me straight times without number."

"You!" exclaimed Hilary, with a little start. "I should imagine you would do the right thing always."

Cyrus laughed.

"I'm forty-six years old, Miss Craven, and I ain't come through without getting up against the usual temptations of this wicked world. But it's a good world, if only folks hitch their wagon to a star."

Later he remarked to his sister, as she sat just within the state-room door, getting a breath of the fresh air from the deck, "Hattie, that little girl's got something on her mind."

"Do you think so, Cyrus? Well, it isn't any bad thing, you may take my word for that. She's a dear."

"I don't deny it. She's got some sweet, pretty ways, anyway, and those eyes of hers might be any man's undoing."

"Don't go and make a fool of yourself at your time of life, Cyrus," said his sister playfully. "Not that I would have any objections to Miss Craven. She's an out-and-out good sort, and not a grain of pride, though I'm sure she's well-born. Craven's a good, old, high-sounding English name, and she has lots of little ways you don't find in common folk like us."

Cyrus smiled grimly and took out a very long cigar.

"Has she said anything about herself to you, Hattie?"

"Nothing that I haven't told you. But she hasn't been very happy at home lately. I've gathered that much."

"But you haven't discovered what she's going to do out West?"

"No, I haven't. I'm not a good one at asking questions, Cyrus. I've always had

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too much to do with my own affairs to have time to pry into those of other folks. But I must just find out what she's going to do between this and Saturday. I wish she'd come on to Pittsburg for a few days, anyway, till I get looked round. We were too casual about our arrangements. I believe she thinks she can leave us at the steamer's side at New York, and take the first Western train."

"Has she said as much?"

"No. We haven't talked about it yet, but we will one of these days."

"What I'm wondering is if there's a chap at the other end."

"I shouldn't be surprised. There must be somebody waiting for her. No girl, especially one like her, would go out on chance. And she does wear a ring."

"An engagement ring?"

"Well, there ain't any diamonds in it," said Mrs. Ridley, with a little humorous smile. "It's a poor little thin thing, with a bloodstone and some sort of a crest on it. But she's fond of it, I can see that. Looks like a family heirloom."

"I hope it doesn't belong to some remittance man out West," observed Wheeler rather gloomily.

At the moment Hilary, with the children clinging to her, came along the deck, her cheeks flushed, her eyes aglow, a picture for many admiring eyes.

"Isn't it lovely?" she stopped at the door to say breathlessly. "Doesn't this soft air make you feel better, Mrs. Ridley? We've been playing hide-and-seek, but it's rather exhausting on a moving ship."

"Oh, mummy, it's lovely," said Graham, burying his curly head deep in his mother's lap. "Me and Madgie wants to live on the boat for ever and ever, and have Miss Craven to play hide-and-seek."

"Do you hear that, Miss Craven? There's a first-class testimonial," said Cyrus, with a laugh. "Surely you'll never have the heart to desert us after that!"

Hilary smiled back into his eyes, caught little Graham by the hand, and off they went again.

"She ain't anything but a kid herself, Hattie. It seems to me she wants a bit of real mothering."

"But she's got a mother, Cyrus. She has just mentioned her name once or twice."

"There are mothers *and* mothers, my girl, and we can't get away from the fact that none of her folk came to see her off. You

take it from me, it's mothering she wants. You do your best for her while we're on the boat. Then we'll see."

This was no hard task for so sweet and kindly a woman as Hattie Ridley, and that week on the ship stood out all through Hilary's life as one of the happiest. It was certainly the most restful. It was a new experience for her to have something definite to do for which she was not only paid but gratefully thanked. These simple, kindly people, though rich in this world's goods, had none of the pretensions of the rich. They were so truly good, so concerned that they should make the best use of their powers and their possessions, that Hilary was amazed. When she thought of the mesh of intrigue and scheming in which she had been involved during the last eighteen months, she felt thankful to be out in clearer air. And how much happier it was for everybody when life was taken simply; when sorrow and poverty were endured heroically, as Hattie Ridley had endured them!

Many sweet and fine lessons sank into Hilary's heart during that never-to-be-forgotten week. Only, it was not long enough.

On the last night of the voyage, as she was helping Mrs. Ridley to dress for her first dinner in the saloon, Hattie put a question to her:

"You are coming on with us to Pittsburg, aren't you, Hilary?"

"I don't know," answered Hilary in a low voice. "I can, if you wish it, for a few days. Where is Pittsburg? I am afraid I am very ignorant about American geography. Can I get from it easily to the Canadian railways?"

"Why, yes, of course. You can get from Pittsburg anywhere. It's not a village, my dear; it's a big, important city."

Hilary smiled as she stooped to fasten the last hook in Mrs. Ridley's skirt. They had been almost like sisters in these days, and, though Hilary had acted the part of maid to her throughout the entire voyage, there never had been any feeling of servitude or consciousness of menial work.

Hilary had no foolish pride. She had accepted a post, and she took care that she gave good value in exchange. She had not only done all that was expected and desired of her, but had rendered many little services for love's sake. She knew that she was going to be genuinely sorry to leave her



"' You ! ' exclaimed Hilary, with a little start. ' I should imagine you would do the right thing always ' "—p. 470.

*Drawn by  
Harold Cappiello.*

## THE QUIVER

new friends. She was much interested in all her new experiences when they actually landed in New York, spending one night at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, where quite evidently Wheeler was well known.

But when they reached the magnificent house at Pittsburg which Wheeler had built for himself, and where his treasures were housed, Hilary's astonishment knew no bounds.

"I could never have believed it," she said to Mrs. Ridley, as they sat talking over her bedroom fire late that night. "Why, nobody would ever guess, either from you or Mr. Wheeler, that you were such rich people."

Hattie Ridley smiled.

"Cyrus is like that. He hates show. I am nearly as much surprised as you are with this house. Of course, I knew he was building a new one, but I never thought it would be so grand. Whatever he is going to do with it, I don't know, for he isn't a marrying man."

"But you are going to live with him now, and it will be delightful for the children to be brought up here."

Mrs. Ridley's eyes filled with tears.

"Cyrus is a dear, kind brother to me, Hilary, and has always been, but I've left my heart in England. You don't know what I've lost."

It was the first time she had spoken openly of her sorrow, though, more than once on the boat, Hilary had surprised her with tears on her cheek.

"I don't know anything about your private life, my dear, but I'm going to tell you this: Don't you be afraid to marry a man because he's poor. Jim and I never had enough. But there's something about the struggle that binds man and wife together, and if they conquer all their difficulties they are never quite the same as other people. They have a sort of secret understanding which makes everything precious. We thought we had got out of the wood. Things seemed to have taken a turn for the better; then Jim was taken away. I'll never get over it. I don't want to wear a long face or to depress other people with my troubles, but that's how it's going to be with me now, right to the very end."

Hilary listened with her elbows on her knees, her chin on her hand, and her heart in her eyes.

"I'm glad you've told me all this, Mrs.

Ridley; you can't think how glad. It has helped me more than you think."

"Has it, my dear? Then, may I ask, without seeming to pry, what you are going to do out West? Don't go unless you are obliged. We'd like to keep you here. Why, we feel as if we'd always known you, and I'll never be able to console the kiddies if you go."

"I'd love to stay, but—but I must go out West. You see, there is somebody there waiting for me. I'm going out to marry a poor man."

"So there *is* a man! I was afraid of it."

"Why afraid? Don't you approve? You must, after what you said a minute ago."

"Oh, I approve right enough. I have the right to criticise at all. Only, I'm disappointed. So will the children be, and Cyrus. We could very well keep you, but, of course, we can't say a word."

After Hilary left her, Mrs. Ridley wrapped her soft, white dressing-gown about her, and stole down to her brother's den.

"I've found it out, Cyrus," she said breathlessly. "There *is* a man, and she's going out to marry him."

"So!" said Cyrus, with a long-drawn breath, as he took his cigar out of his mouth, its flavour gone. "Sit down, Hattie, and tell me the facts."

She squatted on a stool at his feet and fixed her eyes on the glowing fire.

"There aren't many facts. She isn't communicative, but I hope to get the whole story out of her yet before she goes. He's on a ranch, anyway, somewhere in Alberta, and her people don't approve of the affair. I asked her did she know what life is like for the woman out there, and she said she did. But I question very much if she realises it. Can you picture her doing the chores on a Canadian farm?"

"She'll do 'em right enough if the chap is worth it. That's the whole point, Hattie. But I'd be sorry to have that girl make a mess of things. It would hurt me real bad."

"You like her, Cyrus?"

"I like her so much that I'd like to have her altogether, Hattie. That's what kind of a soft old fool you've got for a brother."

His tones were rather full, and with a sudden, quick gesture he threw his half-smoked cigar into the fire and rose to his feet.

"I suppose that's how it takes a man of

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my years. It descends on him just like Niagara, and he ain't fit to grapple with it. Of course, I know I wouldn't have had a chance even if she'd been free. I'm forty-six, and ain't got any looks. She's the finest young cre'tur' I've ever seen, and I'd go worshipping her with my last breath. But she'll never guess it. Don't you go to put any spokes in her wheel, Hattie, nor seek to keep her a day beyond the time she wants to git away. It'll be better for us all, but for me especially. I might jes' go and furgit myself one of them fine days, and say the thing that would disturb her mind a bit. But it's hard—yes, by heaven, it is!"

"All life is, Cyrus, but it's got some purpose. You and I are meant to go lone-some through life."

"Ah, but you had Jim for a bit, and he's left you something to remember him by," said Wheeler dryly. "That sort of loneliness don't compare with mine."

Two days later Cyrus Wheeler saw Hilary off at the station, westward bound for the land of hope and promise.

Totally unconscious of the impression she had made on him, Hilary was at her best with him—sweet, grateful, a little wistful, as she tried to thank him for all his kindness.

"Now then, Miss Craven, don't say another word. We met, we were of use to one another, and, now we're going to part, we're quits. You don't owe me a red cent."

"How can you say that? Haven't you paid my fare and been far too generous to me?"

"What's that to me? I'll never miss it. I hope you'll be happy where you're going. I wish I knew a little more about it all. Won't you leave me your address?"

"Why, yes. I'll give it to you now."

Wheeler took out his pocket-book and carefully noted the address—Brackens Ranch, Brailsford, Alberta.

"Maybe I'll look you up one of these days—who knows! I've never seen Vancouver, and they crack it up a lot. One thing, Miss Craven: if you ever want a friend, or—or don't know what to make of things, don't forget Pittsburg, U.S.A., and the friends you've got in it. They'll make good whenever you like to call on them."

"I'm hardly likely to forget," said Hilary, and something stole over her—a little personal pang—for which she could not account.

She had never in all her life met anyone in the least like Cyrus Wheeler. Her gratitude, now touched with affection, had begun to invest him with all sorts of alluring lights. His unselfish consideration, his humble, honest nature, his absolute goodness, had moved her profoundly.

"You won't forget, then? I'm not a great talker, but what I say I mean. When you want a friend, you'll find one in Cyrus Wheeler of Pittsburg. Now, get in, and I'll make myself scarce, for them leave-takings don't add to the joy of life."

He took her to her seat in the parlour-car, a luxury her own slender means could not have afforded, and as he held her hand a moment at parting, and looked down into her eyes, she, oddly moved by an uncontrollable impulse, lifted her face to be kissed.

But when she saw the expression of his face, her own reddened, and when he turned abruptly away without another spoken word, she knew that one more man desired from her that which she was not free to give—the gift of herself.

[END OF CHAPTER TWELVE]



# THE "SOMETHING-TO-DO" PROBLEM

What Women can do in Social Service in a Village

By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSER, M.B.

Many women, especially in villages, become tired of the monotony of household existence, and complain of their difficulty in finding "something to do" outside the home. They would like to undertake social service work, but do not know how to commence. Mrs. Chesser explains how it may be done—even in a village.

A GREAT deal of voluntary social service is being done at the present time. The public conscience is awakening, the sense of responsibility is growing amongst men and women. Social problems are discussed with interest and enthusiasm by all sorts and conditions of people. One of the most hopeful signs of the age is the spirit in which women are coming forward and giving voluntary service in many social questions. Women's health committees have done valuable work in diminishing infant mortality. Health visitors, by educating the poor in simple health and hygiene, are helping to lift the weight of misery and poverty in our slums. Mothers' clubs and girls' clubs are providing opportunities for countless numbers of leisured women to do good, useful work in every town in Britain. What of the country districts which are out of touch perhaps with the big social questions so constantly in evidence in towns?

I heard a woman say the other day that she would like to do useful work but she had no idea how to begin. "I live in a poky village," she said, "where nobody ever does anything, and where there is really nothing to do." I told her of one woman who had organised a splendid system of social service in a "poky village" which has had a far-reaching influence for good. The scheme is an illustration of what any woman in England might do if she liked. It was in a thickly populated village containing a great many miners and agricultural labourers. Very little organised effort in social service had previously been made, so that it was fresh soil for any energetic social worker to tackle. There

was a reading room for men and lads, but practically nothing to draw the women and girls together. So the most obvious thing to begin with was a club for the girls.

Before starting social service work in any place the first step should be to get into personal touch with the people. Many a good scheme collapses for lack of interest in the people it is hoped to serve; they require to be tactfully and judiciously managed if they are to be drawn together. Every village is made up of sets. Social distinctions abound, and anything in the shape of patronage is quickly resented. The success of this particular scheme was largely due to the fact that a sense of common comradeship and mutual help was fostered from the first.

## How the Work was Started

A small committee was formed of four or five women who said they would like to help. Each member took charge of a district, for the welfare of which she became in a sense responsible. She had to personally know every man, woman and child in her district. She had to make friends with the people, and get them interested in the work which was to be done. The idea was to organise (1) a women's and girls' club for self-improvement and recreation; (2) a district nursing society; (3) a mothers' union to deal with the infant mortality question, which is at present a problem in every village and town in the country; (4) a league to help the children, under the management of a special committee.

The women's and girls' club was a success from the beginning. Everyone

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was personally asked to join, a room was obtained and the club met once a week, the only expenses being the hire, warming and lighting of the room, which was covered by two shillings and sixpence a week. The idea was to provide some interesting work as well as recreation for the members. Part of the evening was devoted to sewing, whilst one hour was allowed for games, music and physical drill. Each girl paid a penny a week, and with fifty members the expenses were more than covered by the subscriptions.

It was said when the idea was first suggested that only about half a dozen women would join, but the methods of the committee included getting into personal relationship with the people, and in consequence a very enthusiastic response was made.

Very soon dressmaking and cooking classes were started, friendly rivalry and competition brought forth latent talent, and the members showed a healthy ambition to become first-class housewives and home managers.

The effect upon the moral tone of the people was most encouraging. The different classes or social grades were drawn together, and gradually understanding and sympathy evolved from mutual knowledge. Each member was drawn into the general social service as her interest was quickened. One girl would undertake to keep in personal touch with a crippled child or a bedridden invalid. Another would be asked to distribute magazines and report on any cases she visited which required assistance. The old people were cheered by weekly visits and friendly talks. Every house was encouraged to subscribe the necessary two shillings to the district nursing fund, which was collected monthly in twopences, so that there was no strain on the financial resources of any family.

### District Nurse

The district nurse was the second great benefit the social service scheme provided for the people. As a health missionary she was invaluable, and her services were utilised as teacher and adviser in connection with the work amongst the mothers of the village babies. The money was

raised by the people themselves with the help of the subscriptions of some of the well-to-do people in the neighbourhood, who are generally very willing to subscribe towards a district nurse in most places. The nurse was able to advise the best methods of helping to reduce what is called the "infant mortality rate."

### Teaching the Mothers

Large numbers amounting to many thousands of babies die in this country every year from preventable causes. In some places 130 babies out of every 1,000 die under one year, in other districts as many as 200 per 1,000 die, and more than half of these deaths could be prevented by teaching and training the mothers. In this very village, for example, there was a mother who thought bacon rinds helped a six-months' old baby to "cut his teeth." Boiled bread and milk was a very common form of nourishment, the mothers declaring that milk in itself was not sufficiently "nourishing." Most babies got "the run of the house." Every one of these mothers had to be educated up to realise that milk is the one and only perfect food for infants.

The idea of the mothers' society was to teach the mothers to feed their babies so wisely that they passed safely through the first year of life, the most critical time of childhood. Every mother of a young infant was visited and asked to join a mothers' league or society. This had only two rules: (1) Every mother who could do so was to nurse her own baby. (2) When that was impossible she was to give it diluted cow's milk, taking all possible precautions to keep it clean.

Once a week a little meeting for mothers was held, when the nurse and one other member of the social service committee attended to inspect and weigh the babies and give simple instructions as to feeding, washing and dressing the children. There is something admirable as well as pathetic in the anxiety of the average mother to learn all she can about child management and hygiene, and this particular branch of public service work ought to be started by leisured women in every town and every country district in the kingdom.

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It is one of the best ways of helping social reform. It is necessary work, good work, and immensely profitable work.

The woman who is going in for educating her poorer sisters will have to use a good deal of tact. She must teach by suggestion, not by command. She must get the people themselves to take an interest in health, and to understand that health in the home depends very much upon hygiene.

Now, hygiene is simply the technical name for cleanliness. The essentials of health and comfort are clean air, clean food, and clean living and sleeping rooms. The health of any village or street would improve by leaps and bounds if the housewives could be prevailed to open their windows, and keep them open.

Cleanliness in the home is very much a matter of habit. Housewives can be taught good habits by house-to-house visitation. They can be instructed how to dispose of refuse by burning, how to keep milk clean, how to preserve the health of the family by simple but rigid cleanliness in the home. How few housewives, even of the educated classes, know the importance of burning dust, flushing sinks and drains, and destroying flies so as to prevent consumption and other infectious ailments. These may appear simple points, but they all go to form part of a health crusade, a social scheme for the health and happiness of the people in any village. Social service on these lines helps not only the Infant Mortality question, but the Crusade against Consumption as well. Work of this sort is practical philanthropy. It has definite good results which can be seen after a very few months.

### On Behalf of the Children

One of the most interesting sections of the village scheme was the league to help the children. A small sub-committee of three members pledged themselves to organise a scheme of child welfare which was to include every child in the village between the ages of the babies and the girls and lads who were members of their respective clubs.

The children's league started a band

of hope movement, for example. Invalid children were visited regularly. Young girls and any people in the village or surrounding district who had leisure and interest in the work were asked to visit and take some personal charge of a child who required assistance. The parents were encouraged to form a clothing society which provided clothing and shoes for the children at the beginning of the cold weather in payment of a small weekly sum. A brilliant success was made of the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movements, which brought the girls and lads into co-operation by getting them to become officers and patrol leaders.

### The Spirit of Service

All through the scheme was this idea of co-operation and mutual help and service. People were asked to join the various societies, not for their own benefit entirely, but for the good of all the others. The organisers, the original committee of responsible members, fostered that spirit, with the result that the people were drawn together, petty quarrels and offences sank into insignificance, and they became united, zealous, and enthusiastic to help forward the social service work for the good of the whole community.

It is an example of what might be done in any village. In this particular instance the village consisted of about 150 houses, and several small shops. But even in quite small villages the same idea can be managed if only one woman is sufficiently enthusiastic to get two or three others interested in the work. They can combine one or two ideas if there is not scope for them all. They can start even one scheme—either a girls' and women's club, a mothers' and maternity club, a child welfare league. The great thing is to make a beginning.

It is wonderful how much fuller and more interesting life becomes for a woman who does what we might call public service work even in a small way. She can do so whether she lives in town or country, whether she is rich or poor. It requires only two things—earnestness and enthusiasm.



#### Trifles

WE dropped one tiny seed into the ground,  
And there it lay forgotten till the spring,  
When to a plant it grew with blossoms crowned,  
So wonderful for such a little thing.

We did some wrong, some culpable mistake,  
"Trifles," and scarcely heeded them at all,  
But, like the wid'ning ripples of a lake,  
Spread evil from the sins we deemed so small.

Thus, though a kindly act may not seem much,  
No one can guess the comfort that it brings,  
A loving word, a smile, or just a touch—  
For life is truly made of little things!

—LESLIE MARY OYLER.



I FIND the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving; to reach the port of Heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, but we must sail and not drift, or lie at anchor.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



I CAN recall faces I have seen in which there was no actual beauty, but upon which a light shone so radiant that one ended in thinking them beautiful. This light may come from kind actions and kind thoughts, which are great beautifiers, or from loneliness and sorrows. It is often these who have lived the most solitary lives and known the deepest sorrows whose faces are the most radiant.—HALLIE KILICK.

#### Unwritten History

VOLUME after volume they stand upon our bookshelves—the written histories of the nations. From the dawn of recorded human life—from the age of stone tables and chiselled inscriptions to these swifter days of type and press and bewildering machines that draw in the blank sheets and fling them out again covered with the thoughts and deeds and histories of men—these volumes record it all, compactly and more or less correctly.

So much for written history. But behind each heroic deed on the battlefield there are perhaps a hundred unrecorded deeds of quiet heroism in everyday life that made the one recorded act possible. Would he who shunned the daily task, or proved a coward in the unseen moment, be capable of the great public deed that brings him the plaudits of the world? Would he who failed to master self succeed in mastering circumstance? Could he who knew no training in self-sacrifice throw himself into the fight for a great cause, forgetting that same self that he had pampered always? Ah, the answer lies in the unwritten histories back of the records on the written pages.

They would make wonderfully interesting reading, even as they have made the written history possible and interesting and great. For, with Charles Dickens, I believe "there are quiet victories and struggles, great sacrifices of self and noble acts of heroism, in this battle of life—not the less difficult to achieve because they have no earthly chronicle or audience—done every day in

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nooks and corners, in little households, and in men's and women's hearts—any one of which might reconcile the sternest man to such a world and fill him with belief and hope in it."—CORA S. DAY.



### The Lost Sense of Wonder

IT is a sad misfortune to become so wonted to good things as to cease to feel surprise, mingled with gratitude, upon receiving them. It robs life of its zest to grow so accustomed to its marvels and its mercies that they awaken no sense of their magnitude and no appreciation of the boon they bring. When a friend takes benefits for granted, and looks upon favours as his right instead of being all of grace, the one who bestows the bounty cannot avoid a sense of disappointment at the reception of his kindnesses.

Love's tokens and good offices are not matters of barter, and the giver would recoil from the offer of payment for them, but when the receiver takes with no sense or sign of appreciation, counting all as common, and no more than his due, the joy of bestowal is bereft of its sweetness. The insensibility and complacency which will treat favours as commonplace because of their frequency must be taken as evidence of narrowness and degeneration.

It must have been with a keen realisation of the danger and resultant evil of such blunted susceptibility that a devout spirit prayed: "Heavenly Father, I pray for the restoration of my lost sense of wonder. I have ceased to wonder at Thy mercies and the riches of Thy grace. Renew the lost power. May I see the wonderful in the commonplace, and may my daily bread move me to fervent praise." We may well join with Dr. Jowett in this petition. Jesus alone can keep us so sensitive that we shall never cease to marvel at the wonders of His grace, though mercies are "new every morning and fresh every evening."—JULIA H. JOHNSTON.



### The Spirit of the Master

THIS pretty little story is told of a spelling class in China. The youngest of the children had by hard study contrived to keep his place so long that he seemed to claim it by right of possession. Growing self-confident, he missed a word, which was immediately spelled by the boy standing next to him. The face of the victor expressed the triumph he felt, yet he made no move toward taking the place, and when urged

to do so firmly refused, saying: "No, me not go; me not make Ah Fun's heart sorry."

That little act implied great self-denial, yet it was done so thoughtfully and kindly that spontaneously came the quick remark: "He do all same as Jesus."



### Don't Worry

*DON'T worry, friend: just live thy life;  
Work, sing, and trust is God's behest—  
And if some days seem full of strife,  
Remember night brings peace and rest.*

*Don't worry, friend, if cloud and rain  
Prevent the sunshine reaching you;  
Without the cloud you ne'er again  
Could see the rainbow's wondrous hue.*

*Don't worry, friend; to-day alone  
Is yours, for joy or gain or loss;  
Why dread and fret o'er things unknown?—  
The bridge you fear you ne'er may cross.*

*Don't worry, friend, nor sit and rest;  
Without temptation virtue's naught,  
And trials are sent life's gold to test  
By Him who knows the human heart.*

*Don't worry, friend; it cannot be  
That naught but joys to thee belong;  
Each heart hath its Gethsemane,  
Its hour of pain, its triumphant song!*

*Don't worry, friend: just daily plod;  
Let love and prayer each hour attend;  
Do thou thy best and trust in God,  
And joy shall crown thy journey's end.*

—JOHN R. MORELAND.



### The Single Collar

THERE are a multitude of burdened men and women carrying loads beyond their strength.

The pilgrim's way is loud with groans and sighs. Where is the dance of the vintage? Where is the song of the harvest home? God's children are fainting on the long road; they are dropping at the hill.

What is there wrong? It is the fault of the single collar.

We are resolving life into individualism when it was purposed to be a fellowship. We are making it merely human when it was intended to be divine.

We are wearing a single collar when it was intended that we should wear the yoke.

"Take My yoke upon you . . . for My yoke is easy and My burden is light."—REV. J. H. JOWETT.

# THE OPEN GATE

By WINIFRED GRAHAM

## CHAPTER I

"It is all so empty," said Dulcie, under her breath.

Mrs. Neville turned a look of wondering surprise upon the girl.

"My dear child, what do you mean? The hotel is simply crowded; it is the height of the season here."

The older woman spoke of the fashionable English watering place, with its many amusements, its over-dressed women and pleasure-loving men. Here was Dulcie, her niece, surrounded by gaiety and amusement, murmuring with an obvious sigh, "It is all so empty!"

"Oh, I don't mean this place," replied the soft, young voice as Dulcie marvelled at her chaperon's lack of understanding. "I was speaking of the people. They just look as if they had not a serious interest or deep thought in the world. Apparently they live to eat, drink, rush after fresh entertainment, and sleep—just as we do."

Now there was a world of weariness and yearning in Dulcie's tone.

Mrs. Neville felt irritated as she listened. Here was a charmingly pretty girl and a wealthy orphan discontented with the sweets of existence even before she was one-and-twenty.

"In another month," her aunt replied, "you will be of age and your own mistress. I often wonder how you will mould your life then."

The speaker turned to a pile of unopened letters on her lap, and smiled as she drew a card from the first envelope.

"This, perhaps, may please you," she said. "Lady St. More invites us to a drawing-room meeting, to hear the Rev. Arthur Ransome speak on his work in the East End of London. I knew him well as a boy. He was rather a disappointment to his parents. His father was in the Life Guards, and his mother a great favourite at Court. They wanted their son to take up diplomacy, but he was always rather strange—so deeply religious. Anyway, he chose his own career, and seems happy enough in his squalid surroundings."

A look of keen interest animated Dulcie's expressive face.

"Of course he is happy," she replied, "because he knows he is not wasting his life like the human butterflies who spend their days killing time. We do that, don't we, aunt? I often think we become social criminals, through murdering the greatest of God's gifts."

The band in the large winter garden struck up a lively tune, the air was thick with cigarette smoke, while women, wearing gorgeous evening dresses and flashing jewels, moved to and fro in the stifling atmosphere.

"Five more invitations," murmured Mrs. Neville, with a little purr of content which was peculiarly her own. "I must answer them. You had better come and write your Indian letter; the mail goes to-morrow. How would poor Julian feel if you missed it again?"

As they passed down the long hall, many eyes turned admiringly in the direction of the young heiress. She was tall and graceful, with an abundance of dark hair, and eyes that were far-seeing and intense. Jealous people said she was rather spoilt, the lips appeared slightly mutinous and discontented. Her critics little realised how passionately a worker's spirit within Dulcie longed to beat down the golden bars of her cage. The finer nature, that pined for action in the wide field of a hungry world, found no scope for its keen endeavour, walled around by a social fortress.

## CHAPTER II

AS Arthur Ransome stood up to address the fashionable assembly in Lady St. More's well-filled drawing-room, he became instantly conscious of Dulcie's presence. It was not the striking features, nor the expensive simplicity of her well-fitting gown, that attracted his attention, but the eager look of longing in a face young enough to be satisfied with the sunshine of a purposeless existence.

Drawn by some strange magnetism, he felt as though every word he uttered were

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addressed to her and her alone. He knew, with an almost uncanny sense of certainty, that he must inevitably influence with some powerful purpose the girlish figure in the large picture hat. He was there to try and attract into a fold of endeavour, the idle rich who so often know nothing of the struggling poor.

Graphically he told of a settlement in London where those who lived in rosy gardens of wealth could come to give up just one month of their gay year. During that month they helped to civilise the wild factory girl, they visited the sick and poor, they learnt the real meaning of the word poverty.

He drew the picture of a sunny road, winding through a flower-filled country, and by that road an open gate, leading to a bare, rough field waiting to be cultivated and coaxed into blossom. He called his settlement "The Open Gate." He asked if any to-day would consecrate some of their leisure hours to help the tilling of that bare, unlovely land. He showed in cleverly chosen phrases that not only the poor benefited, but the wealthy and idle also reaped a magnificent reward. It widened their sympathies, strengthened their characters, helped to kill selfishness, and make life worth the living.

Mrs. Neville wished as she listened she had not brought Dulcie.

"She is just the emotional type of girl who will be wild to go and help such work," thought her aunt in horror. "Arthur Ransome is so good-looking he would make an impression on any woman. I will try not to introduce them; it isn't fair on Captain Shannon."

But despite Mrs. Neville's resolve, Lady St. More swept forward directly the collection had been taken, saying:

"I particularly wanted to introduce our speaker to you, Miss Dene. I could tell you were interested. I watched your face. Arthur Ransome is a perfect saint; he deserves all the help we can give him."

A moment later Mrs. Neville saw Dulcie in deep conversation with the earnest young clergyman, and shrugged her shoulders ominously. Her worst fears were realised when she observed an exchange of addresses, aware that her niece's pretty face was flushed with unusual excitement.

The many guests now made their way to

a spacious tea room, and still Mr. Ransome remained with the enthusiastic young heiress, talking intently.

"Of course I will come," Dulcie was saying. "I have yearned for a chance like this; I have fretted horribly against the enforced idleness of my life. I long to see the other side of existence, to feel I can help, if ever so little, to brighten that bare field you told us of. I should never perhaps have found the open gate but for the good fortune of meeting you to-day. It has come just at the right moment, too. My aunt never allowed me to visit amongst the poor for fear of infection, and next month I am of age; then my prison doors open!"

A thrill of very real joy rang in the girl's voice, and her spirit of enthusiasm was so genuine it warmed Arthur Ransome's heart.

"The contrast will seem appalling to you at first," he replied. "Possibly for a time you will feel nauseated, and a little afraid, but after a few days all my willing labourers grow to love the work. Some come year after year, staying several weeks in the settlement."

He was looking as he spoke at a ring of flashing diamonds on Miss Dene's engagement finger. Instantly she read his thoughts, and answered as if they had been spoken.

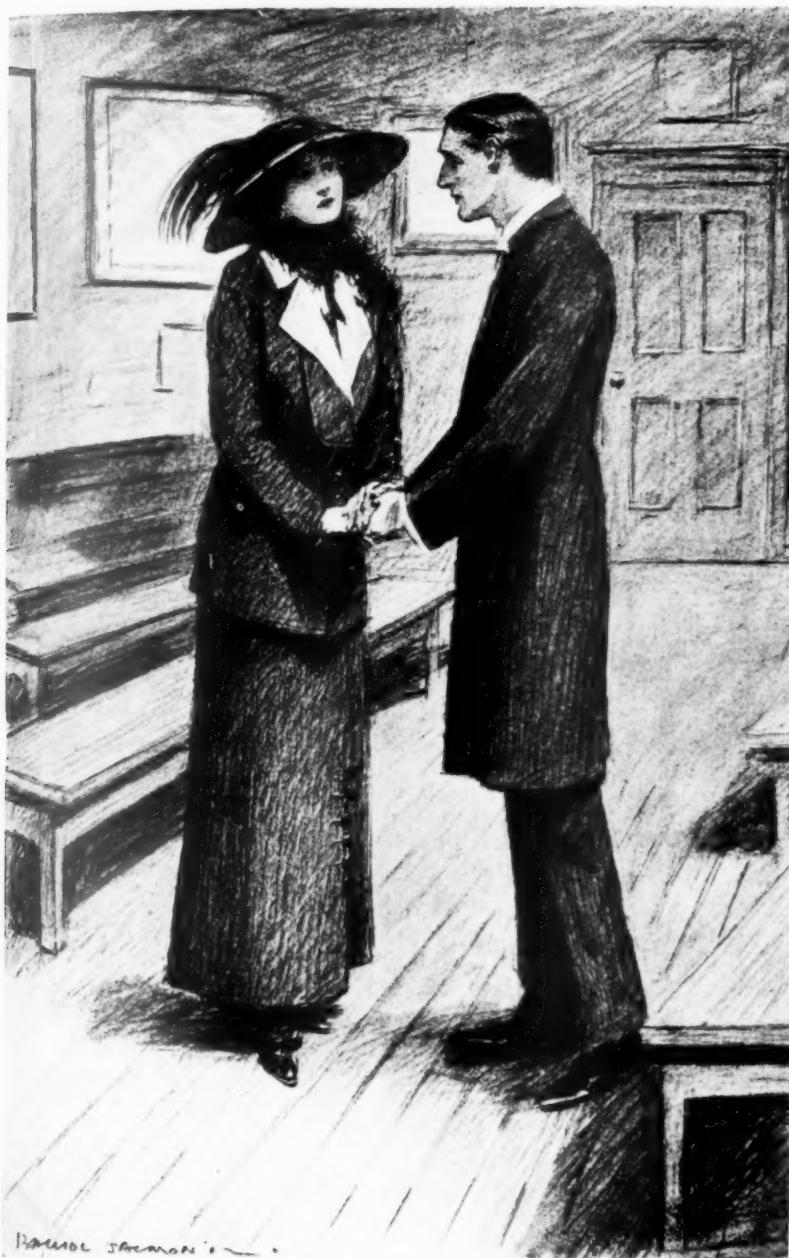
"I am not to be married yet," she said, and her voice conveyed a slight note of relief. "My fiancé is in India. I have not seen him for two years. He returns this summer, but I shall have time first for my new experience in the East End."

Mr. Ransome wished her happiness in quite a different way from the ordinary congratulation. She felt as though his murmured words came in the nature of a blessing, straight from a heart brimming over with a deep love for humanity.

As Dulcie drove back to the hotel, she poured forth her plans to her aunt.

"At last," she said, "my money is going to be of some real use to me. Oh, how I shall revel in helping those poor creatures, who will actually become my friends. It is so dull just drawing cheques for subscription lists, as if all one's responsibility ended there."

Mrs. Neville spoke no word of encouragement. She merely remarked she was quite sure Julian would hate the idea of Dulcie working in dirty slums, breathing foul air, and running the chance of catching diseases.



*Balliol Salmon's*

"Take the blessing to-night," he said. "Know you will live in my memory until my dying day'"—p. 493.

Drawn by  
Balliol Salmon.

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"We run that chance every day," laughed the girl. "Besides, I am not his wife yet. I often wonder if I should have married him in my teens, but for that clause in father's will about waiting till I came of age. He never believed in very young marriages, but thought a girl should know her mind at twenty-one. Did I seem very much in love with Julian when he left England?"

Dulcie's aunt raised her eyebrows in shocked surprise.

"Why, of course! What a question! You were both wrapped up in each other. Such a suitable match, too! It should not be long now before Julian comes into his title. Besides, he has such sensible ideas, no cranks like—like some people."

Dulcie was too happy to feel the pin-prick in the words, only her voice hardened slightly as she described the future before her.

"I know his idea of enjoyment so well. An endless round of house parties and entertaining spells for him the highest happiness. First, the London season, filled with a multitude of engagements, then a few weeks at a fashionable watering place, afterwards shooting in Scotland. The same old set, the very smart set, of course, will follow us everywhere. I believe it may prove as monotonous as an existence in crowded hotels."

The motor drew up, and Dulcie sprang out feeling as if she were treading on air. She would think only of the near future; her head was full of plans which sent the blood dancing through her veins. All the listlessness left her manner; life held gifts to be coveted and won—the deeper life, beyond that open gate, to which the hand of destiny had pointed.

### CHAPTER III

WHEN Dulcie had spent a fortnight at the East End settlement, she wrote a long-delayed letter to her aunt:

"You would forgive my apparent neglect," ran the hurriedly scribbled lines, "if you knew how amazingly full my days seem here. I get up early, and go to bed late, for we are short-handed at present, and there is so much to be done. The busy hours never weary me, for it is all intensely interesting, and I am seeing a new side of human nature which fascinates

me more and more. The club for factory girls is at present entirely under my control. I hold a singing class, play games with them, and even teach needle-work. I find my new friends delightfully refreshing, and so grateful that one is ashamed of not doing more. Mr. Ransome is kind enough to declare I have a genius for the work. I cannot think of him as a flatterer, yet perhaps he says this to encourage me, because he guesses what a useless creature I was before I came here. Two nights ago I sat up with a sick woman who was left entirely alone; the doctor says if I had not been there to fetch him at three o'clock in the morning she would most certainly have died. I am staying till the end of the month, and as you know, Julian returns a week later. Once more I shall place myself under your wing, dear aunt, until the day of wedding bells.

"Your affectionate, and very rushed,  
"DULCIE."

"The day of wedding bells!" Dulcie repeated to herself several times after she posted her letter to Mrs. Neville. The weeks proved so full that Captain Shannon's budget of news had been neglected; instead his fiancée telegraphed: "Prevented writing, but all is well."

More than once she asked herself if those words were true. Was all well with Julian's promised bride? Candidly she confessed that the real image of her lover had faded. Two years blotted out the reality of his features, which seemed only to exist in the large photograph which adorned her dressing-table.

"Arthur Ransome is also a soldier," she thought as she compared the two men, "but he fights for human souls in a battlefield of hidden glory. His reward will be reaped in another world."

Dulcie gradually realised what a very great friendship daily took root and grew between these workers in the field. No one had ever understood her like Arthur Ransome. His help and counsel alone enabled her to succeed in the difficult work of winning confidence from the girls under her care. Skilfully she controlled a little army, which one tactless word might throw into mutiny. It surprised him that an absolute beginner learnt so quickly the secrets of leadership.

## THE OPEN GATE

As the precious days, so full of occupation and ripe with experience, drew near their end, Dulcie became conscious of a deep heart sickness, and a wild yearning to stay on in that hard school of discipline. All her mental fibre felt braced, as the body is strengthened by keen sea breezes. She must go back to the stifling atmosphere of her old environment, back to the race after pleasure which had never satisfied. The years to come would hold but one precious memory—the memory of brief endeavour and work done for others, oh, so willingly!

The girls who had grown to adore Miss Dene bewailed the conclusion of her reign in undisguised sorrow, hanging about her with tearful eyes. Hearing she was shortly to be married, they secretly formed a committee to raise, from their hard-earned wages, sufficient money for a wedding present.

Mr. Ransome was taken into their confidence, and asked to be treasurer.

He, too, grew sad, as the parting approached, and there was something more than mere regret in his voice as he made a speech of thanks to Dulcie in the club room on her last night.

One by one the girls passed out, each grasping Miss Dene's hand for a warm shake and good-bye word. Many bent suddenly to kiss her trembling fingers, for she had told them how keenly she felt her enforced departure.

Finally the door closed, and the chattering crowd hustled away into the night, leaving Arthur and Dulcie alone in the big bare room, full of empty benches.

"I want to ask you a little favour," said the bride-elect, looking with rather moist eyes into the earnest face of her spiritual guide and helper. "I think it might inspire me to start my married life well, if you would come and tie the knot, giving the address, for I know you always say just the word one most needs to put pluck into a fainting heart. I confess I am a little nervous about this step I am taking. Perhaps Julian's long absence may account for my feelings. It almost seems like marrying a stranger, but when I see him again it is possible all these stupid fears may pass. I have always despised people who break a promise; I should hate to go back on my word."

She seated herself on the nearest bench

and her head drooped—that pretty youthful head with its wealth of dark waving hair. Her cheeks were paler than usual, and her breath came quickly. She was battling with some strong emotion which made speech difficult.

She remembered Julian had suggested his uncle, the Bishop, should be asked to marry them. What was the highest dignitary in the Church to her compared to this winner of souls who made men and women realise there was indeed a God reigning over a thoughtless and ungodly world?

Arthur Ransome's muscles were taut, he drew himself up as if to muster control, and his face, too, was strangely white.

"You have always been so good to me," he murmured, and his voice had quite changed so that she hardly recognised it now. "Don't ask me to do this. Add to your goodness, and excuse me, please, from even attending the wedding. I shall remember you in thought and prayer; I shall never forget what your friendship has meant to my life."

Dulcie sprang to her feet; the room seemed alive with some strong magnetic current; she thought he must hear the fierce beating of her heart.

"It cannot mean to you more than it has meant to me," she cried, flinging reserve aside in this quiet moment of supreme confidence. "If you suffer, I am suffering too. It is horrible to turn back, to leave the field, and hear the gate close after me. You will put up the bars, won't you? Of course, you will never be my friend again; it wouldn't be right if you feel like that, if you can't even attend the church to give me your blessing."

She was saying inwardly, "Perhaps Julian will find me altered, and be disillusioned, if the break could come!"

Arthur took both her hands and pressed them between his own. Though his lips quivered, he spoke firmly at last.

"Take the blessing to-night," he said. "Know you will live in my memory until my dying day, as vividly as if we were working side by side, month after month, for I can never forget you. The thought of your face will encourage me when dark hours come; I shall dwell upon it as a blind man remembers the sunlight. If ever you are in trouble and really need me, send for me from any distance, to any continent,

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and I give you my word I will obey the summons."

A look of relief passed over Dulcie's features. So she was not to be entirely abandoned; she could rely upon him still.

With a simple word of thanks and something which sounded like a stifled sob, she moved quickly to the door. It was so different from the farewell she had expected, for now she knew he loved her, and the knowledge was so bewildering she trembled from head to foot.

He watched her cross the deserted courtyard to her rooms in the settlement, standing like a man turned to stone, waiting till a light glimmered in a distant window and the shadow of a woman flitted across the blind. Then, setting his lips, he passed to his own quarters, racked with the pain of loss and a sense of hopeless desolation.

### CHAPTER IV

**D**ULCIE'S boudoir in her aunt's house was decked with snowy blossoms like a bridal bower. Mrs. Neville had arranged the flowers with her own hands, suggesting that Dulcie should dress in white as an appropriate welcome to her future bridegroom.

"Julian shall be shown straight up here where you will meet him alone," said the older woman, feeling again the thrill of her own youthful romance. "What a happy hour for you both!"

Dulcie, a vision of girlish beauty in her soft gown of lace, waited the coming of her lover with a pang of misgiving. Another face rose before her in mystic fancy, a face which haunted her dreams at night and lived in her thoughts by day.

"Perhaps when I see Julian," she said, "all may be different. Once I considered him such a splendid specimen of manhood, but I was almost a child two years ago."

A step outside, then the door opened. A servant announced:

"Captain Shannon."

A tall, sunburnt soldier came quickly forward. His face wore a hunted look; it was obvious he was ill at ease.

Though Dulcie rose to her feet, she stood quite still on the large white hearthring by a flower-filled grate. The tall plants in their gold baskets made a picturesque background to the graceful figure. Julian took

her hand; there was something almost formal in his stammered greeting, while he made no effort to kiss the girl who had promised to be his wife.

"Dulcie," he gasped, "I have something to tell you, something which may cause you pain. I hardly know how to say it. I feel such a brute. If I could only really explain, and make you see how impossible it was for me to escape the strong hand of destiny. Until we are tried, we none of us know the weak spot in our natures. But Fate is at times all powerful, sweeping us on even against our will. I could not write my confession; I felt that would be still more cowardly. I am here to bear any reproof or harsh judgment you see fit to heap upon me."

He bent his head; he was crimson and ashamed. Still he held her hand, and now her fingers tightened on his wrist.

"Have you fallen in love with someone else?" she asked in a whisper, and he took the quiver in her voice for a sharp note of agony.

"My poor little Dulcie!" he murmured. "We were parted too long. Suddenly there burst upon my life just the one woman who from all time must have been intended for me. It was extraordinary, the feeling that we could almost read each other's thoughts from the first moment we met. The world changed into quite a different place; the wonder of the discovery overwhelmed me, and I knew there was no escape."

"Yes," answered Dulcie, "is it not marvellous when the knowledge comes to one? True love must conquer; it is born to triumph, to beat down barriers. We are helpless, and bend, oh! so gladly, before its sway. The revelation can only be made once in a lifetime. We think we love when we are playing with shadows. That little bubble of happiness you and I enjoyed once was a very fleeting glimmer of the real, the great love."

Julian listened in amazement. He saw now a glow of joy and infinite relief on the girl's face. For a moment his pride was hurt, though he rejoiced that a difficult situation had become simple and unembarrassing.

"So you can understand?" he muttered. "You, too, have experienced the deeper passion."

He let fall her hand, and a sigh of relief



*Barbara Jackson*

"The girl's sparkling eyes turned to the fragrant blossoms which made the air sweet"—p. 496.

*Drawn by  
Balliol Salmon*

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escaped him. She saw his glance turn to the clock, as if he were pressed for time.

"Is she waiting for you?" asked Dulcie with a smile. "May I know her name?"

"Yes," he replied. "She is waiting at the station; her name is Shannon. We were married this morning."

A gasp of surprise escaped the laughing lips of the now delighted Dulcie. She wanted to give Julian a sisterly hug, but feeling this might seem undignified, contented herself with a few words of warm congratulation.

"Wise man," she said. "Grasp your happiness immediately; don't let the precious moments waste themselves; go, and good fortune be yours. God bless you, Julian!"

As the door closed upon his retreating figure, she ran to a writing table, and quickly penned the following message:

"Please come at once; I really need you. Remember your promise.—DULCIE DENE."

Then she rang and handed a sealed envelope to the footman.

"Tell Beacher," she said, "to motor with this letter immediately, and give it to Mr. Ransome. He will return here in the car. Should he be out, Beacher must wait at the settlement. It is very important."

As the messenger hurried away, the girl's sparkling eyes turned to the fragrant

blossoms which made the air sweet. Softly she murmured:

"Poor aunt little guessed she was arranging them for Arthur. They are so suitable, too." Dulcie touched the face of a lily and added softly, "The white flower of a blameless life—for Arthur."

Two of the happiest people in the world sat side by side in the scented boudoir.

"There will be nothing monotonous in our life," Dulcie was saying. "We shall work with all our might, and how we shall enjoy the delightful holidays we can take together, of real rest and refreshment, earned after toil!"

Her head was on Arthur's shoulder, and he kissed with passionate tenderness the lips which drew the picture of their future happiness.

"I wonder why God has been so good to me!" he said.

"Do you?" she answered, with a smile which meant more than the simple words. "I think I know. Mine is the undeserved happiness, but I shall try and make up for some frittered and useless years. Fancy your saying you could not come to my wedding! You will be obliged to attend it, I fear."

His soft laugh mingled with her own.

"The day of wedding bells," she added, "holds no terrors for me now."



Photo: Harper, Swindon.

# WHICH SIDE OF THE FENCE?

Some Reasons why I cannot Decide which Way to Jump

By CHRISTINE T. HERRICK

Every woman—and every man—is sure to feel keenly on the Woman's Suffrage question just now; but in spite of all that has been said and done, there will be many readers who still find themselves in much the same position as the writer of this article.

"I AM on the fence about woman suffrage, but if I had to jump down I would land on the side of the suffragists."

This was the remark made by a vigorous young woman of my acquaintance when we were talking on what might be labelled "the subject you can't get away from" —Votes for Women.

I looked at her with envy. I wish my mind were as nearly made up as that. I, too, am on the fence, but I don't know on which side I would tumble if I once reconciled myself to losing my balance.

## Still Undecided

It is not pleasant to be halting between two opinions, as I have done for months past, without finding any clinching argument which will decide me to class myself definitely with one party or the other. No one honours the temporiser, and I remind myself of the people of Israel when they could not choose between Jehovah and Baal, of the Laodiceans, who were neither cold nor hot, and of a variety of other indeterminate characters who are held up to opprobrium in literature and proverb.

I think there are some circumstances in which a woman has an undeniable right to vote. At one time when I owned a little country property which was like a millstone around my neck, with taxes and mortgages and assessments and improvements, I used to say flippantly that it was bad enough to have taxation without being obliged to have representation too, and that if I possessed both I would lose what little money and mentality I had left. Now, perhaps because I have sold my land and no longer have this special drain on my resources, I look at the matter differently.

It does not seem reasonable to me that a woman who owns real estate should not have some word in the taxation of her property. If my mother and my sister and I own a hundred acres apiece in a certain locality, it is not fair that half a dozen men, holding between them perhaps twenty acres of land, should be able to decide the amount of taxes we should pay and the kind of improvements to be made in the vicinity of our estates, and that we should have no choice but to accept their decision. For it never does any good for us to go with a protest to the office of the tax-collector, as they say we can do, on that deadly slip of paper which informs us of how much we are to contribute to the funds of our borough, or district, or county. The Assessment Committee receive our objection, and tell us they will look into it; and when the time of payment comes round it is up to us to send our cheques, or pay interest on the sum we were originally taxed. Did a man ever get a rebate when he asked for it? If I knew that, it might help me to decide as to my standing on the suffrage.

## Women and Education

In the next place, I think women should have a right to vote on the management and direction of the schools. The fathers of families don't often give much attention to the education of the children. There are some exceptions to this rule, but the majority of paternalists are too busy earning money to support their households to bestow a great deal of thought on the way the schools are equipped and run. The mothers are permitted to look after their children, in school and out; and it stands to reason that when they have any judgment at all they are in a position to know something of the needs of their

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boys and girls of school age. So I would give the vote to the women in this, because it is something they ought to comprehend if they are able to form a rational opinion about anything.

So far I will go hand in hand with the suffragists. I will accompany them a little farther still and laugh to scorn some of the arguments of the anti-suffragists. When I see the good old-fashioned type of woman shudder at the thought of the horrors that would be endured in visiting the polls, I recall that celebrated problem of the eighteenth century: "Is a knowledge of Greek compatible with feminine delicacy?"

No woman who has plunged into the tram or railway vortex in the rush hours, or has stood in line waiting for her turn at the box-office of a popular "show," has any new terror to fear at the polls.

### "Home the Woman's Place"

Another favourite plea of the antis is that woman's place is the home. Undoubtedly it is if she can stay there, but very often she can't. When a girl is taught from childhood that she must earn her living; when she goes to an occupation or a profession direct from the grade school, or high school, or college; when she is obliged to work or starve, or at the best—or worst—be a dependent upon those already overburdened; when, as is often the case, she is the support of brothers or sisters, of father and mother, it is absurd to talk about her place being the home. Pray, what would happen to her and to those she keeps if she stayed at home?

Such arguments as these move me to the statement that when I am becoming too rampantly anti-suffrage I go to a meeting of that division to incline me towards suffrage, just as a pro-suffrage meeting almost invariably sends me away a vehement and virulent protestant against giving votes to women.

### On the Other Hand

Yet, in my calmer moments, while I have never been strong enough in my emotions—not in my convictions—to enrol myself as a confirmed and pronounced anti-suffragist, while I think it is wasting words to debate the undeniable

truth that women citizens have as good a right to the vote as men citizens, no arguments, either of my own devising or of those far better versed in the subject than I, have ever moved me to desire the ballot for myself or for other women.

Of course I have argued until I was weary, whatever my opponents may have been. And in summing up the matter I cannot say that I have found most of the women arguers I have personally encountered possessed of the logical and well-informed intelligences which would move me to entrust politics to their hands.

### Some Arguments

One woman agreed with me fully when I said that the ballot in the hands of uneducated women was as great a menace as in the power of illiterate men.

"But I am not in favour of universal suffrage for women," she said. "My idea would be to give the vote to educated and intelligent women only."

"What!" I said. "When it is universal for men! I am not a suffragist, but I would never put that slight upon my sex and imply that the ignorant man and the educated woman are on a mental level. That is the worst insult you could offer to the brain status of women."

"It is very well for you not to want the vote," a strenuous suffragist said to me one day. "You are fortunate and above want, and have no wrongs to be redressed. What if you were a poor working girl and knew that your vote would improve the conditions in which you laboured? Then you would be eager for the ballot."

I answered with some heat:

"The franchise is a sacred trust. I hope that no matter how badly off I might be I would never feel inclined to exercise it for my own benefit."

She looked at me reproachfully.

"Do you think I could suggest that you would ever vote for your own interests?"

"But you said working girls would do it."

"That is different," she said with finality.

Not long ago I was talking with an exceptionally intelligent woman who is strongly imbued with suffragism.

## WHICH SIDE OF THE FENCE?

"I don't care about the vote for myself," she said. "I have had my hard times in work, but I dare say, take it all round, I have had as good a chance as the ordinary man. But when I see how working women of the poorer classes are underpaid I yearn for the ballot."

"Would that really help them financially?" I ventured. "Wouldn't they be as likely to get relief from trade unions?"

"They can't have unions without the ballot," she replied confidently.

"Are you positive of that?" I asked. "Why can't they?"

"I don't understand why," she said, "but I do know there is some technical reason that prevents their forming labour unions unless they have the vote."

Being myself, as a kind suffragist friend once remarked of me, "one of the old school of women," I went to a man to have this point decided, and chose a friend who is strongly in favour of suffrage for women. He laughed at my question.

"There are women's trade unions all over the country," he said. "The vote has nothing whatever to do with it."

### The Chief Consideration

Yet after all, the arguments and the point of view of the individual suffragist do not affect my position. The chief consideration which keeps me clinging to the top rail of the fence instead of sliding down among the hosts in the suffrage camp, as I would like to do—for I am a social soul, and it costs me many a pang to be shut out from among the elect company of my intimate friends—is just this:

*I don't believe the vote would make any difference.*

The women whom I have heard talk most earnestly and sincerely on suffrage are nearly all altruists. They do not crave the vote for the place it might give them in the councils of the nation. They do not covet position or preferment. Some there may be who desire these things, but nearly all I know are stirred by the zeal of reformers, and seek the ballot because of the good they believe they could do with it. They long to increase the wages of working women, to abolish sweating shops and tenement work, to improve the

living conditions of the poor, to bring down the high cost of living, to put down the liquor traffic, to do away with the social evil, to banish disease by clean streets and the proper disposal of garbage and waste.

All noble objects—but will votes obtain them? Certain of the reforms I have enumerated appeal especially to women, but in some of them men have as vital an interest as women—and yet the franchise has not won amelioration of all abuses. Men have had the vote for generations, and they must still resort to strikes; and when they are oppressed and downtrodden it is not the ballot to which they appeal, but to violence, to boycotting, to arms. Can women hope that the suffrage will remedy existing labour conditions for them, when men in capital and labour are still pitted against each other and both possess the right which is to bring Utopia to the working woman?

"Women will vote against the liquor evil," I am told.

Are they going to be permitted to vote against it? The men most interested in upholding it are of two classes: those who live off it, and those who live on it—the purveyor and the consumer. Will the woman of the purveyor vote against her bread and butter, her roof and clothing, and those of her children? Will the woman of the consumer be able to resist the influence brought to bear on her?—if she votes against her husband, what is he going to do to her in that section of society where the method is too often a word and a blow, and the blow first? And what of the woman consumer?—unfortunately an increasing class.

The social evil. While brothels are managed by women, while girls are lured to them by women as well as by men, while the wretched inmates of such places are unable even to communicate with would-be rescuers in the world outside—I say nothing of the large class who cling to this mode of life as their only means of support—can we hope that the virtuous woman can win her way against all these and do more than has been done by legislation at the present time? In Colorado women have had the franchise for seventeen years, and yet I am told that Denver is a "wide-open town," that nowhere

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else in the country does the social evil flaunt itself as it does in that city. Votes for women have not cleaned up conditions there. Will they do better elsewhere?

"An' what wud I do wid the Philippines ef I had them?" queried Mr. Dooley when the annexation of those islands was under consideration. "Sure there ain't room in me bedroom now for meself an' the bed."

His argument recurs to me as I consider the question of votes for women. When I contemplate the wonderful things that women are accomplishing without the franchise, when I see how the higher education for which they prayed and fought so long is at their command, and that there is practically no avenue of work which is not open to them as wage-earners, when I note the marvellous reforms they have wrought in philanthropy, in charity, in measures for village improvement and city betterment, I wonder that they can ask more fields of service.

After I had heard Caroline Bartlett Crane tell of her efforts in municipal house-cleaning, of the triumphs she had won, and of the big projects she had in mind, I turned to a friend sitting beside me.

"What more could she do if she had the vote?" I asked.

Miss Tarbell put one of my theories into succinct form when she said that if women went into politics she feared they would neglect their civic duties. I wonder how many of us discharge those duties adequately now? Have we filled our lives full with the work we can do without the vote? If we had, would there be a place in our hearts and hands for the franchise?

"If you feel like that, then why are

you on the fence?" I hear some earnest partisan cry. "Why aren't you down among your friends and sympathisers, the anti-suffragists, fighting against votes for women and struggling to keep them in their proper place?"

Because, like Sam Lawson of delightful memory, "sometimes I think—and then again, I dunno."

What so many revered women preach and approve—nay, more, fight for—must have something in it beyond what I have yet been able to perceive, or women such as they would not be dedicating their efforts to what they believe a sacred cause which spells emancipation, uplift, economic salvation for other women.

I wish I could be convinced. My heart burns within me when I think of the burdens of the working woman. I long to change the conditions in which she toils, to establish a minimum wage, to lead her by any path out of oppression, to aid in finding means to redeem her from the cruel industrial bondage which robs her of her real woman's rights.

My very soul is wrung by the wrongs of the child labourer. If the ballot in the hands of women would open the doors to the little bondservants, if it would mean freedom and life and childhood to them, and the right to the best womanhood to the working girls, I would no longer be on the fence, but down among the suffragists, with my back against the wall, fighting with might and main to win votes for women.

As it is, I continue to balance myself precariously on the topmost rail, swaying from one side to the other, praying for an unmistakable sign, an incontrovertible argument, which will move me to a final conclusion.



# “YOUNG PARSON”

A Story of a Family Living a Hundred Years Ago

By L. H. DALTON

**T**HREE had been a Mavis at Welmerton Rectory from time immemorial. According to family tradition they had followed each other steadily, father and son, father and son, ever since the Restoration.

When John Mavis—“Young Parson” as the village folk called him—was a boy, he had cherished wild dreams of running away to sea and taking service under Lord Nelson. But since the day of his mother’s death he had been prepared to walk duly in the path mapped out for him and become his father’s curate.

“Be a good son, John,” she had whispered, as she lay dying. He had not answered; there was no need, she could not doubt his heart’s response.

They were almost her last words—not quite the last. As the two watchers bent over her a little later, they had caught the faltering accents, “With Christ—far better.”

In Welmerton Rectory things sacred and secular were kept rigidly apart, and never before had John heard his gentle devout mother speak suddenly or spontaneously of that which was the mainspring of her life. He could almost have cried out, like Mistress Quickly, in his agony, that she was not to think of God—there was no need for “any such thoughts” yet. The words sounded in his ear like a knell; it was not till long afterwards that they came back to him with a sense of comfort.

So father and son were left alone together in the old rectory; and John thrust the ambition of his boyhood behind him for ever. Sometimes, as the news of Nelson’s victories rang through the village, he sighed inwardly for the dream which he had for-gone. He was not cut out by nature for a parson—and he was sure that he would have made a first-rate sailor. But that any other course was possible—conceivable—never entered his imagination. With inexorable gentleness the dead hand moulded his life.

And, after all, the career which lay before him was not unbearable. No very great amount either of religion or learning was

expected of a Mavis of Welmerton. The county afforded plenty of good hunting, and a sprinkling of congenial society. The relationship between rectory and village was much like that of a popular squire and old-fashioned tenantry. Besides—there was Felicity at the Gray House. No, the future was certainly not intolerable.

In process of time John went up to Cambridge, as his father had done before him, and fell as a matter of course into much the same set. Some of the young men with whom he rode and dined and wined were preparing, like himself, to take Orders; but the fact weighed no more heavily upon them than it had done upon the Rector and his contemporaries.

“Old Parson” was a typical representative of the old school of “high and dry” Churchmanship. He trusted his son to maintain the honour of the family and sow his wild oats with moderation; and he would as soon have expected or desired him to turn Methodist as to exhibit any signs of precocious piety.

But in the years since the Rector of Welmerton had left Cambridge, many changes had come over the University. New ideals were afloat, a new spirit stirred and influenced even where it was opposed. Sunday after Sunday, Charles Simeon proclaimed from the pulpit of Trinity Church that “Evangel,” in the name of which earnest souls were everywhere banding themselves together. In every college there were students who moved amongst their fellows with higher thoughts and other aims, and proclaimed—more or less wisely, but ever with infectious zeal—the new motive-power which had come into their lives. And the rest wondered and scorned, or wondered and respected, as the mood took them, that which it was no longer possible to ignore.

John Mavis was one of those who wondered and respected. He pressed with other undergraduates into Trinity Church, and listened to Simeon’s preaching, eagerly,

## THE QUIVER



*Drawn by  
W. L. Page.*

"*Felicity might have passed for the incarnation of emancipated womanhood.*"

sometimes perplexedly, always with rapt unfamiliar attention. Occasionally he found his way to the preacher's famous Friday receptions—but not often; and he never definitely joined himself to the Evangelicals.

Once Simeon's curate, a young Cornishman with pale face, burning eyes, and the compelling touch of genius, laid his hand on his shoulder with a personal appeal: "Come with us, and we will do thee good."

Mavis drew himself away with a mute gesture of refusal; but that night in his own room he sat alone, while star after star dipped beneath the horizon, pondering many things. What it had cost him to resist Henry Martyn's appeal, none ever knew. John Mavis would never have made a theologian; he only dimly comprehended the doctrinal standpoint of the Evangelicals; yet their spiritual life had touched and kindled him, like a coal touching dry tinder.

Gladly would he have thrown in his lot with theirs, so far as he knew how, but for

one thought—his father. The thing was impossible. It would break the old man's heart.

"Be a good son, John," his mother had said. And "a good son," from the Rector's standpoint, meant a son who followed obediently in his father's footsteps. John Mavis might not be an intellectual genius, but his instincts were keen enough, and he knew that between him and his father opposition without antagonism was impossible. To go with these new teachers would be to break his unspoken promise to the dead—and that, God helping him, he would never do.

But with the memory of his promise came another memory—the echo of that last, faltering whisper, "With Christ—far better."

Perhaps God had not called him to be an Evangelical; but He had called him to be a Christian. He might not follow Charles Simeon; but he could follow Christ, not henceforward as a dead name, but as a Living Reality.

To the end of his life the thought that he had rejected Henry Martyn's invitation was among the secret regrets of John Mavis's heart. Yet sometimes, as he looked backwards, he wondered whether he *had* rejected it after all.

## "YOUNG PARSON"

"For my part," murmured Felicity, with a toss of her head, "I consider 'Old Parson' vastly superior to 'Young Parson.'"

"I wonder, Felicity," rejoined her aunt severely, "that, at your age, you should still give me occasion to reprove you for employing the language of the cottagers; and I wonder still more that a young lady should be guilty of the impropriety of making personal comparisons between two gentlemen."

The young lady in question bent over her embroidery without attempting any reply to this impressive rebuke.

If she had been born a hundred years later it is probable that the suffragettes would have gained a spirited adherent. As it was, Felicity Gaunt, scouring the country in her scarlet riding-habit, with William, the groom, panting behind, might have passed for the incarnation of emancipated womanhood. But when the nineteenth century was in its infancy feminine emancipation, at its wildest, had limits; and Felicity, bending over her embroidery frame in the drawing-room, was outwardly as decorous and well-behaved as any other properly brought up a' ide of the period.

The combination which resulted was distinctly fascinating—at all events in the eyes of John Mavis.

The two had been playmates in childhood, for the Gray House, where Felicity grew up under the guardianship of her spinster aunt, was next-door neighbour to the rectory. But of late years they had seen comparatively little of each other, and now that they came in contact once more, the old intimate relationship seemed to have passed away for ever.

Nevertheless, if Felicity's disapproval of her old playmate could have been probed to the bottom, its foundation would certainly not have been indifference. She had been so proud of him, in the days when she shared his dreams of naval glory. And now—to think that he should be content, actually content, as his father's curate! True he had never told her himself that he was content: but then, their opportunity for confidences of any kind was severely limited, and certainly that was the impression which he gave the villagers.

It is to be feared that Hannah, the maid, had discovered that "Miss Philisty" showed no great inclination to check her lengthy

reports of village gossip, so long as they centred round "Young Parson."

"Matthew at the rectory," Hannah had volunteered the evening before, as she brushed her mistress's hair, "'e says as 'ow Young Parson 'e don't never know beforehand whether 'e's a-goin' to preach o' Sunday or no. Old Parson, 'e says, 'You write out a sermon reg'lar,' says 'e, 'it's good practice for you like, and I can't never tell afore the time whether I'll feel ek'al to occupyin' the pulpit or not—'cause of my gout,' says 'e. But Matthew, 'e reckons it's as much contrariness as gout. One Sunday, when you was in London, Miss Philisty, 'Young Parson' 'e'd just got up into the pulpit, when 'Old Parson' came out o' the vestry in 'is gown and 'is bands, with 'is sermon all ready—and 'Young Parson' 'e got down as meek as a lamb, to make room for old 'un. Lor! 'e's a sermon in 'issel, says I, so meek and mild like—and 'im such a tearin' rampagin' boy as 'e was, too."

Felicity gave her curls an indignant pull.

"I don't believe he's really so meek and mild now!" she murmured under her breath.

The adjectives came back to her with a sense of injury next Sunday morning, as she stood at her window, gazing idly down on the narrow country lane which led to the rectory, and wondering if John would preach that day.

"He isn't meek," she repeated to herself. "It's all because of his mother—or most of it is, at any rate. Perhaps there's something else too. I don't understand him now." And with an impatient gesture she brushed away a gathering mist from before her eyes.

An instant later she leant forward with sudden interest, to watch something that was passing in the lane beneath.

Now, the Rector's study looked out upon that same winding lane, and at that moment the Rector himself was sitting back in his armchair, gazing out of the window as idly as Felicity. If that young lady could have approached him with her question as to whether he or John was to preach that morning, Mr. Mavis would have found some difficulty in answering.

With approaching age there had stolen upon the Rector a growing indolence. He himself was scarcely conscious of his increasing disposition to leave the more tedious and onerous duties of his office to his son

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and curate, while reserving to himself all its pomps and dignities ; and he was quite unconscious of any hardship to John in this arrangement. It never occurred to him to doubt his son's innate and permanent inferiority ; and the attitude of mind resulting from this opinion might have proved irritating—save for the fact that it never occurred to John to doubt it either.

On the whole, village gossip judged rightly. "Young Parson" was content with his lot ; more content than he would once have deemed possible.

As he came into sight now, passing into the lane from the rectory garden on his way to the church, there was a swing of healthy, vigorous contentment about his very walk which was pleasant to see. But on a sudden the steady swing was interrupted, and the Rector rose from his chair in some curiosity to see what was happening.

Just beyond the Gray House the lane joined the high road, and along the road a group of village lads were chasing a lame dog, with yells and stones. In an instant John was on the spot, but the more active culprits disappeared right and left at sight of him—leaving a single scapegoat, smaller and less fortunate than the rest, in the grip of "Young Parson."

The Rector chuckled delightedly as he watched his son seize the luckless urchin by the scruff of his neck, as though he would have shaken the life out of him.

"Well done, John!" he called, oblivious that his exhortation was quite unheard. "Give it him soundly! . . . Heavens, man, what's the matter with you?"

To the astonishment of the small boy—who, as a matter of fact, had been the humblest hanger-on in the dog-hunt—he found himself suddenly released.

Either he was too bewildered to run away, or something in "Young Parson's" face held him as effectually as his grasp had done. But the Rector turned impatiently from his window, without troubling to watch the sequel.

"What's the matter with the lad?" he muttered angrily. "He used to have spirit enough. Why didn't he give the little scamp the thrashing he deserved?"

But Felicity, from her window, had viewed the scene more closely. She could hear the tones of John's voice, though the words did not reach her, and see the gleam

in his eyes, as well as the expression on the face of the frightened child and the awed penitence with which he slunk away at length. And her heart beat exultantly.

"He's not meek," she reiterated. "If Hannah could have seen him just now she would never have called him *that*."

Meanwhile, as the congregation gathered in the village church, the Rector sat on in his study, listening unresponsively to the summoning bells and meditating uneasily. Something had come over his son of late which he could not understand, and the problem irritated him. By and by he became conscious that the bells had ceased for some time, and thrust it aside to consider a more practical question.

He had told John that he did not feel equal to taking the service that morning, but he might or might not preach. He glanced at the clock—yes, he would just be able to reach the church in time. His sermon lay ready to hand, a faded yellow manuscript, long familiar to the Welmeton congregation. The Rector smiled to himself as he reflected on its undoubted superiority to John's crude efforts, and rising with a sense of virtuous resolution, prepared to sally forth.

According to his habit he entered quietly through the vestry—but once again he had drawn his calculations too closely. John was already in the pulpit, and about to give out his text from the big Bible.

Now the Rector would certainly have taken what he considered his rightful place, with as little compunction as he had done upon a former occasion, had not fate intervened, in the person of Miss Felicity Gaunt. But it chanced that Felicity's aunt, like the Rector, had that day felt unequal to the morning service, and the verger, thinking that she also might appear for the sermon, had considerably left the door of the high, old-fashioned pew wide open.

The vestry of Welmeton Church opened at right angles to the chancel, and the door was exactly opposite to the Gaunt pew. Consequently, as "Old Parson" prepared to attract his son's attention by an admonitory cough, he met Felicity's eyes fixed full upon him. She was glaring at him—actually glaring, with such undisguised indignation as he had never encountered since he was a boy at school!

Whether Mr. Mavis lost his head from



"It was the same glowing hero-worship that possessed him now—only deeper, more intense"—p. 506.

Drawn by  
W. H. Paget.

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sheer amazement, whether Felicity hypnotised him, or whether a sudden compunction seized him as John began to speak, it would be hard to say; but the fact remains that, a minute later, the Rector of Welmerton found himself, to his own intense astonishment, sitting quietly in a corner of the Gaunt pew, listening to his son's sermon.

"Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart."

As the words rang out through the quiet church, the Rector gave a little nod of approbation. "Reverence for our superiors" was the subject which he had long ago assigned to this particular Sunday. John had followed instructions and selected his text appropriately.

In the rectory study he had listened to many of his son's sermons, and criticised them unsparingly; but never before had he brought himself to "sit under" one of them in church. Certainly John was doing better than he had expected. That was his first thought. He would never rival his father's sonorous periods, never, indeed, be a great preacher in any sense. But he was not thinking about his own preaching—and very soon his hearers forgot to think about it either.

He had begun slowly, rather awkwardly, but by and by a growing, transforming eagerness swept the awkwardness away. When he sat down to write his sermon he had meant to dwell chiefly on the lesson of humility—but instinctively, unconsciously, his thoughts had turned from the lesson to the Teacher.

All that he said was simple enough, even commonplace. What told was the spirit behind. Involuntarily Felicity's mind flew back to the days when, with glowing eyes and trembling lips, her childhood's playmate waxed eloquent in praise of Lord Nelson. It was the same glowing hero-worship that possessed him now—only deeper, more intense, more vivid.

That morning there came home, for the first time, to more than one dull, rustic

brain, a glimmering sense of the Reality of Him in Whose name they had been baptised, to Whose service they had been called.

"Learn of Me."

It was long since that appeal had rung through Welmerton Church—long, very long, since it had rung through the Rector's heart. He had been prepared to criticise an essay; and instead, he found himself listening to a message, a living authoritative message, not from the preacher, but through him. The figure of his son seemed to vanish, and in its place stood One Whom for fifty years the Rector had professed to serve, Whom in a dim way he had always wished to serve, yet Whom he had well-nigh forgotten.

There was nothing new or startling in the message, nothing that he could have condemned as "Evangelical"; but it thrilled through him with a strange power.

"Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart."

John Mavis had learnt, and it was given to him that day, all unknowingly, to pass on the lesson to the two whom he loved best.

When the sermon was over and the congregation began to troop out, the Rector still sat on in his place, and Felicity made no movement to disturb him. In the high pew they were as much alone as though the church had been empty; and the eyes of both were strangely dim.

But at length the old man turned to the girl and spoke aloud, slowly and deliberately.

"My dear, I owe it to you that I have heard my son preach this morning—and I thank you."

It was his *amende honorable*. And he paid it ungrudgingly.

Long afterwards, Felicity used to declare that she said "Yes" to "Young Parson" on a later occasion because she had lost her heart that Sunday morning to "Old Parson."

But "Young Parson" was not jealous.



# CHARACTER-READING IN DAILY LIFE

By AMY B. BARNARD, L.L.A.,

*Author of "The Girl's Book About Herself," etc*

Do you know a good man when you see him? Can you detect a colour-blind person, or a musician, or a miser? "The proper study of mankind is man," and a most interesting study, too, as this article will show.

I HAVE frequent occasion to take long rides in tram-cars, and being one of those persons who avoid reading while travelling, I find an inexhaustible means of entertainment in observing my fellow-passengers; not out of idle curiosity, for that would be unjustifiable impertinence, but partly from genuine sympathy with my fellow-beings, and partly from interest in the scientific study of character. To my mind, human nature must ever supply the most fascinating of problems, and I am quite in accord with Pope in thinking "The proper study of mankind is man."

The other day I happened to be in a car where a fellow-passenger sat chatting with his friend. He was too far off for me to hear the conversation, but a glance at the man's head showed that he was a good observer, possessed much constructive and inventive capacity, and had a keen appreciation of tune. "That man," I thought, "would make a good musical instrument maker. I wonder if he is one. Does he realise his own powers?"

## In the Tram-car

Sometimes I run my eye down the opposite seat in the car, and pick out the woman who would make a practical housewife, the man I should need to beware of in a business transaction, the person of whom I would prefer to ask my way, the child I should like to adopt. So it has come about that the book I read in tram-cars and railway trains is a marvellous book, entitled "Human Nature," and I open a fresh page every time I take a seat in one or the other. Occasionally, the knowledge so acquired is at once put to some practical use. Many a time there has been an opportunity for saying a few

words of counsel to a mother concerning the dormant faculties of the baby on her lap and the training most suitable for it, words that are generally much appreciated. Schoolboys and schoolgirls are usually interested in their mental make-up, and listen with interest to a suggestion about their future career.

I remember once, late at night, finding myself opposite a little van-boy wearing a brand-new sacking apron. He ought to have been in bed, but he looked happy, though tired.

"Come here; I want to talk to you," I said coaxingly, as I made room for him beside me. In a moment we were talking confidentially about his first day's experiences as a van-boy, his delight in going to work to help his mother; and the pride and reverence with which he uttered that word "mother" was music to my ears, though it was rank Cockney. From one or two words he let fall, the father was evidently a ne'er-do-well, but the loyalty of the little chap to his mother was absolutely charming. I spoke of his manifest talent for drawing and painting, advised him, if he got the opportunity, to study these at an evening school, and to bear in mind the fact that he would make a capital painter. The little fellow acknowledged his liking for drawing, and as he was a boy with grit in him, perhaps one day he will give to the world some rare masterpiece.

## Undeveloped Perception

On one occasion, a poor old woman in a tram-car rose from her seat in great excitement, exclaiming, "Oh, stop! I've passed it." The conductor rated her soundly for not noticing her stopping-place, but the poor old dear had grown up from childhood to womanhood, and then

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to old age with her perceptive brain but slightly developed, as one glance at her forehead showed. Again and again she must have been credited with stupidity for not noticing things. Neither she nor the conductor dreamed of the cause of her weakness. The incident started me off on a train of thought, which brought me up against such problems as the following : " Why was that woman not taught to observe in childhood ? How many children in this country are growing up in a similar way, with weak intellectual faculties that need exercise ? Would the Board of Education listen if I went to its members and demonstrated the possibility of estimating a child's intellectual powers and moral character at a glance, and, with this basis to go upon, offered to advise concerning the nature of the teaching desirable for a particular child, and the choice of an occupation for it ? Would they lower or cut their red-tape, let me through the official barriers, and listen to my plan ? Life is short, and I do so want to put my knowledge to use in helping the millions of children in this country, and their teachers."



**A Clever Young Man.**

The wide forehead shows intellectual grip; mathematical, musical and artistic talent. A B.Sc. honours degree was obtained at 20 years of age.

**The Child I should like to adopt.**

Judicial, ruling capacity is shown in the upper back head of this boy of 16 months, who voices his opinions.

Then I think of that well-known passage by one of our foremost scientists, Alfred Russel Wallace, in "The Wonderful Century." He says that "The persistent neglect and obloquy," meted out to this, my pet science, during the last sixty years of the nine-

teenth century, "will be referred to as an example of the almost incredible narrowness and prejudice which prevailed among men of science at the very time they were making splendid advances in other fields of



**Miss Agnes Weston.**

Here is a face of the motherly, practical housewife type. Observe the forehead, showing practical common sense and quick observation.

thought and discovery." But there are none so unseeing as those who refuse to look, who draw down the blinds and shut out the light of knowledge.

The reading of people is so extremely useful, that one really pities those incapable of it, just as if they could not read writing, or were colour-blind. Everywhere I am proving its practical utility. If I go into a shop to match a ribbon, I

make straight for the assistant who possesses a good development of the organ of colour. There are shop-assistants who invariably turn to others to help them find an article desired by a customer. Why ? They cannot remember, because they do not properly observe where things are put. Thus their "place memory" is weak.

French market women are proverbially apt bargainers ; therefore, when staying at Dieppe one summer, I bore this fact in mind, and on entering the market to purchase some fruit, looked out a saleswoman with a small development of acquisitiveness. This precaution was perfectly justified by the results.

Like numbers of other women, I am rather nervous about travelling in a railway carriage alone with an unknown

## CHARACTER-READING IN DAILY LIFE

male passenger, and, therefore, in such a predicament try to get a look at his side and back head. If the result is unsatisfactory, I leave the carriage at the earliest opportunity; but to remain seated, with a serene expression of face, is to give my fellow-passenger "a character passport."

There appears to be hardly an incident in daily life which does not exemplify and test the value of a knowledge of the outward manifestations of character, a knowledge unacquired, however, without close study of the anatomy and physiology of the brain and skull, and acquaintance with the "landmarks" of craniological topography.

Being somewhat lacking in self-assurance it is always an ordeal to me to visit a strange editor to persuade him to commission me to write an article for him; but a short time ago I was ushered into the presence of a man who, judged by the shape of his head, would certainly listen to my suggestions with a tolerance and a broad-mindedness that would be as encouraging as refreshing.

This article is the outcome of that visit; a fact which is mentioned as additional evidence of the value of character-reading in business life. I cannot help thinking, too, if employers knew what valuable assistance professional character-readers could give them in selecting new employees, the experts would be besieged for their services.

For my own part, I cannot take up an illustrated paper containing portraits without at once proceeding to "read" these portraits, and see how their characters tally with the information in the letter-press. In the two portraits of Dr. Grenfell note how the moderate percepts (lower forehead) in the child have been developed in the man through scientific study and strenuous medical mission work. In both, lofty idealism is apparent



Dr. Grenfell at 8 and at the present day.

(high temples). The man with so high and well-proportioned a crown is noble and reverential, but quite unassuming (sloping upper back head)—all to be inferred from what is visible of the head, regardless of physiognomy. Now, if these statements can be made concerning one portrait, it is easy to see how interesting must be the study of the photographic representations of explorers, musicians, artists, scientists, philanthropists, criminals, imbeciles, politicians, and prominent men and women in every department of life. Indeed, one drawer in my desk is becoming crammed with cuttings from illustrated papers, all awaiting classification into types.

When a preacher stands up in the pulpit on Sunday, it is possible, before he says one word, to foretell whether he will be a "thunderer," a gentle, thoughtful speaker, a practical humanitarian, an anecdotalist, a fluent extemporist, a visionary idealist, and so on. In the same way, any public speaker or lecturer can be summed up when he mounts on to a platform.

Every sane person has more or less capacity for receiving impressions of people, and most of us have a certain amount of intuition into character. Those who have much of it, and in addition make a thorough scientific study of the head and the brain within the skull, are possessed of an inestimably precious power.

With most sciences it may be said that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and this is certainly true with regard to the science of character. A tyro is apt to generalise too freely, and overlook counterbalancing traits. As an instance of this, I have sometimes found an individual with little idea of the value of time, punctual because stirred to punctuality by a strong sense of duty; indeed, always there is some motive prompting the exercise of an intellectual faculty.

# EVERDAY LIFE IN THE HOLY LAND

A New School of Biblical Art

MY readers will remember that the last two Christmas Numbers of *THE QUIVER* have had for their special supplements reproductions of pictures of life in the Holy Land. The origin of these pictures was explained at the time. The Rev. James Neil, M.A., for some years Acting Chaplain to the Bishop of Jerusalem, made it his life-work to explain the Scriptures by making clear the manners and customs of the East.

But, in order that the life of the East might be properly understood, he soon found that pictorial representation was essential.

Accordingly he commissioned three first-class artists to paint, under his direction, the series of large oil-paintings, a few of which have been given in these pages. Many years in time and some thousands of pounds of money were expended on this great effort, and apart from *THE QUIVER* these pictures have never been reproduced.

Since the articles appeared in our pages we have had repeated requests for the publication of the whole series in some more permanent form.

I am glad to be able to announce now that, after preparation extending over many months, the issue of the volume "Everyday Life in the Holy Land" is fixed for March 1.

Mr. Neil and I have been carefully through the whole of the collections of paintings, and have selected thirty-two as being the most representative and suitable for reproduction. Of course, many of these have already appeared in *THE QUIVER*, but some of the most important are printed for the first time.

For months past Mr. Neil has been busily engaged upon the text to accompany these pictures. He was anxious to bring out, in a more extended way than was possible in our pages, the thousand and one points in the life of the East that illustrate and make clear the Bible story.

In fact, this new work, "Everyday Life in the Holy Land," embodies the results of a lifetime of observation and research.

The difficulty from the start has been to produce the work at such a price as to be within the reach of Sunday School teachers, Bible students, etc. The usual price for a work of this character is one guinea, and it was at first intended to make this the charge. But, believing that at a popular price the work would be valuable to thousands of readers, it has been found possible to produce the work at 7s. 6d. net.

The pictures, of course, are printed on only one side of the paper (not "backed" as in *THE QUIVER*) and are free from any letterpress. The whole production is most handsome, and the volume will be treasured in thousands of homes.

It is true that artists for centuries past have been painting Biblical pictures, but it is essential to remember that this is the first time that paintings have been produced which are absolutely true in every particular to the life in the East.

How important this is will be appreciated by those who, with any knowledge, examine the works of even the most famous of Biblical painters.

Take, for instance, the great artist Dore's painting of the meeting of Isaac and Rebekah. To one who knows anything of the customs of the East it is absurd to the highest degree.

First, Rebekah is shown dismounting whilst the camel stands bolt upright; as if anyone in the East ever attempts to get on or off a camel till it kneels down. Then, though Scripture says she took a veil and covered herself, she is seen quite unveiled and looking into the upturned face of Isaac; and is actually stepping down, in an impossible acrobat fashion, by putting her naked foot on the upturned palm of his hand, all of which in the East even a woman of ill-fame would not dare to do publicly!

"Everyday Life in the Holy Land," by the Rev. James Neil, M.A., is published by Messrs. Cassell and Company, Limited, and can be obtained on or after March 1st from booksellers in any part of the world.

THE EDITOR.

# MISS JANE'S REJUVENATION

The Story of an Easter Holiday

By MONA E. MAUD

## CHAPTER I

MISS JANE, alone in her compartment of the train, made futile efforts to become absorbed in some weighty article of "The Hibbert Journal"; but for almost the first time in her life that quiet, studious mind of hers refused to be controlled.

The train pulling up for a moment outside the station where she must get out, in sudden nervousness Miss Jane stood up and looked into the mirror. Was her hat quite right? It would be so dreadful if Grace and Kate considered it too young! Certainly it did seem to suit her rather well—so far as she could tell; but there was no doubt she looked entirely unlike her old self in it. Was this well-dressed, prosperous person really she, the shabby, frumpy old maid, Miss Jane? The delicious wonder of it all!

At that same moment Miss Jane's two friends, Grace Glanville, a handsome little widow, and her sister-in law, Catherine Glanville, were awaiting Miss Jane's arrival with much curiosity.

"Of course, she must be tremendously changed," declared Grace. "After spending the best part of one's life nursing sick and dying relatives, being hard up and dependent, and then unexpectedly finding one of the aforesaid relatives developing gratitude to the extent of leaving one three hundred a year for life—why, of course, one must alter immensely."

"I am very curious to see her," Kate remarked. "It has always been my belief that Jane wanted only a little happiness and a little money to make her a handsome woman."

The speaker was one of the ugliest of the ugly herself, and knew it too well; in fact, from her childhood up, taking stock impartially of her wide nostrils, squat nose and protruding eyes, she had affirmed her most suitable nickname to be "The Haddock"; and The Haddock to this day she had remained among her intimates. Her complexion was shocking and her figure appalling; but one thing endeared her

to all who had opportunity to become intimately acquainted with her—a heart of gold.

When the train steamed in, there at a carriage window stood a wonderfully altered version of Jane—charming, smiling, radiantly happy, and a wee bit shy.

"Why, she is lovely!" said the widow in amazement.

"I knew she could be," replied The Haddock, "and I am glad, so very glad."

Apparently the hat was not too young, for Grace, the critical, passed it approvingly, and both she and The Haddock sang a song of praise and admiration as they drove to the hydro where they were to spend the Easter holidays.

Miss Jane created another sensation for her friends when she appeared downstairs for dinner. Both had memories of her clad in a shapeless, fashionless, black silk—sombre relic of the defunct Uncle Geoffrey's departed spouse—but now Miss Jane came carrying her fine figure with her wonted simple dignity, and wearing the most ravishing gown of apricot *crêpe de Chine*. And the astonishing thing was, so amazingly good was Miss Jane's complexion that it bore the trying colour splendidly.

Miss Jane, unused to the blatant publicity of a hydro, entered the dining-hall behind Grace and The Haddock somewhat shyly.

"Let me go before you," Kate had whispered; "for me to follow you to-night dear, would be a cruel anti-climax."

They put Miss Jane between them at the table, and presently, when the tremendous buzz of chatter and the clatter of plates and knives was at its height, she gathered sufficient courage to raise her head and look about her.

A bevy of bald-headed men, elderly and heavy faced, were at the table on her right; perhaps among them some kindly souls would show her round the golf-course. More noise was coming from the table beyond, and shyly glancing in that direction she noted two pretty, overdressed girls, who





"Miss Jane saw him take up his glass. Then he raised his eyes and drew in his breath quickly."

*Drawn  
by  
Stanley R. Bass.*

were giggling incessantly, and a dark young man, with firm-cut mouth, that his short moustache only half concealed, who seemed slow to smile at the witticisms of his companions.

What a well-shaped hand he had, thought Miss Jane, as she saw him take up his glass. Then, glass held in mid-air, he raised his

eyes and drew in his breath quickly. Of course Miss Jane could not hear that, but she saw a surprised ardour in his face and looked away in some confusion. No doubt he was a warm admirer of the jingly, beperfumed little damsel beyond Grace. Ah, it must be rather nice to be a young, frivolous person to draw such looks upon one. For her part, Miss Jane had never known such a thing—and now it was far too late. Well, she must be content with the some-

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what prosy conversation of the elderly visitors.

Dinner over, she followed Grace and The Haddock into the lounge—Grace, who had had her day, brief, it is true, and somewhat marred by the whims of an irascible husband; and the dear, kind Haddock, who had not had hers, and who never would have it. Presently, growing dazed with the terrible hubbub of feminine voices, and seeing that Grace was taking her wonderful drawn-thread work in hand and that The Haddock had started knitting vigorously, Miss Jane took the lift to her room and brought down the neglected "Hibbert Journal." She had just found her place and was composing herself to read with understanding when Grace dug her knee and murmured excitedly:

"Look! This is the most interesting man in the whole place. Had a nice day, Mr. Bennett?"

And Jane, lifting her head, looked straight into the observant eyes of the handsome man she had seen at the table.

"Delightful, thanks. Did you get as far as you hoped to, Miss Glanville?"

"A mile or two farther," replied The Haddock. "Found another village, so I dragged my sister-in-law on."

Mr. Bennett laughed, as though the tireless energy of The Haddock was an old joke.

"Let me introduce Mr. Bennett, Jane," said Grace. "Mr. Bennett—Miss Jane Riddell."

"How do you do?" said Jane shyly.

Elderly men, friends of numerous now defunct uncles, had never found her shy; but somehow, elderly men and this handsome young man were very, very dissimilar. Miss Jane found herself blushing. How absurd of her! And he was probably all agog with impatience to join the jingly, powdered young maid who sat looking daggers at Grace from the other end of the lounge. How foolish it was of Grace—though kindly meant, no doubt—to drag a poor, trumpery old maid into his notice.

But Mr. Bennett seemed in no hurry to move. He stood calmly surveying Miss Jane, a thing he could do in a singularly unobjectionable way.

"Have you been round the conservatories yet, Miss Riddell?" he asked.

"No, she hasn't," said Grace. "She came only in time for dinner. Take her along, do, Mr. Bennett."

Good heavens! Grace was actually flinging her at the man!

"No, no really, I can see them another time," she began awkwardly.

"Oh, I say," Mr. Bennett protested, smiling, "may I not be allowed to give you your first peep at them?"

So Miss Jane put her "Hibbert" on the table and shyly walked with him down the lounge, only too keenly aware of the scornful glances little miss on the settee was throwing at her.

"It is delightful!"

Miss Jane shut her eyes and leant back in a low chair, absorbing the delicious perfumes, letting the quiet rest her and yielding to the unwonted sense of well-being that enwrapped her.

"I am glad you have come," said Mr. Bennett suddenly.

Miss Jane started.

"I was waiting for a sensible woman," he explained. "You see, I ought to be playing golf all day, but unfortunately I've sprained my wrist and it is not quite fit yet; so I constantly find myself in the company of—well, I suppose you would see my table companions at dinner to-night?"

"Yes," Miss Jane smiled. "They were rather noisy girls, I thought."

"Oh, noisy? Well, yes. But I have got used to that," he answered. "What I never shall get used to is their habit of making love to me. I am a shy man and it embarrasses me."

"They make—love to you?" Miss Jane echoed in horrified accents.

"Yes. I suppose that's nothing; that they don't mean anything—it is just a way they have. Only one never knows; one of them might be serious. A friend of mine, the most masterful fellow I ever met, was married last month to just such a hydro Flapper. And he declared to me he could never make out how it all came about."

Jane laughed.

"Ah! I see you have no sympathy with my very dangerous position," he reproached her, smiling.

And there they sat, chatting amicably for about half an hour—or so, at least, Miss Jane thought. Therefore she came to a dead stop in sheer surprise when on their way back to the lounge the grandfather

## MISS JANE'S REJUVENATION

clock in the corridor confronted her with the indisputable fact that it was ten-thirty.

"Oh!" said Miss Jane in dismay.

"Just in time for coffee," said Bennett. "I can't tell you, Miss Riddell, how much I have enjoyed my first evening at this hydro when I have not had to dodge a proposal of marriage."

"Oh!" Miss Jane exclaimed again, hurrying on her way, and reached The Haddock and Grace even more changed from the old Jane they remembered than when she emerged from the train.

"Upon my soul," murmured The Haddock, "Jane grows younger every hour!"

### CHAPTER II

ON Easter Monday—a bright but cold day—an excursion was planned in the big, open motor. Jane, Grace and The Haddock were going; Mr. Bennett also. But when the time came for starting, Jane appeared downstairs looking decidedly ill and pale, and the quick eye of Mr. Bennett noticed it.

"It is an old enemy of mine, neuralgia," said Jane, in answer to his anxious query.

"Neuralgia? Good gracious, how unfortunate!" cried The Haddock tragically.

"My dear Jane, surely you won't dream of motoring in the cold?" exclaimed Grace.

"Of course she will not," said Mr. Bennett, just as emphatically as though Jane were not swathed to the chin in furs in readiness for the journey.

"Oh—oh, but I shall be so disappointed not to go," faltered Jane, but resignedly. Had not something always happened to prevent the few big treats of her life being enjoyed? "Of course, if you think not," she murmured, looking at Bennett anxiously.

"Most certainly you can't go," he said firmly. "If I may offer advice, I should say have a fire in your room, lunch upstairs, and lie down, keeping as warm as possible."

"Ye-es." The advice was sound, of course—Miss Jane could not gainsay that; and Mr. Bennett seemed so determined she must not go. How kind of him to be so concerned about her! Then, even as she turned smiling towards him to thank him, Miss Jane caught sight of the delighted, impatient face of the jingly, beperfumed damsel, who had just been swung up on the

back seat of the motor. For one dreadful instant Miss Jane's heart seemed to stand still. Was Mr. Bennett so urgent that she should not go because he was a wee bit tired of her company—was even ready to return to the exuberant flirtatiousness of the worst of the Flappers? It must be so, and could she be surprised?

"Of course you are right, Mr. Bennett, and I will take your advice," she said very quietly; and without another word turned and began to mount the stairs.

Some hours later Miss Jane awoke from a short sleep to hear quick steps along the passage; there was a brisk tap on the door and The Haddock came softly in. The wind on top of the motor had painted her flat nose bright red, and her mouse-coloured locks hung over her face in most unbecoming lankness; but there was real affection in her voice as she inquired after the sufferer.

"Better, Haddock dear," said Miss Jane, with great cheerfulness; and lay trembling, wondering if the observant Haddock would notice that something had quite gone from her voice.

But The Haddock was absorbed in her account of their day's outing; of the interesting things they had seen. "And do you know, Jane," she ended, with a toothy grin, "that nice Mr. Bennett duffed at the last moment; and you should have seen the rage of the Flapper, perched on the back seat—and the ladder taken away."

"Really?" said Miss Jane, suddenly sitting up in bed. And resolution, pride, and the claims of "The Hibbert Journal" were scattered to the winds. "I must begin to dress for dinner now, Haddock, for I've a new frock to put on to-night that takes a lot of getting into."

"Good old Jane!" said The Haddock, giving her a kiss redolent of fresh air, and she tramped out of the room.

### CHAPTER III

ANTHONY BENNETT was in one of the niches of the lounge when Buttons belaboured the gong for dinner. Those whimsical brown eyes of his kept careful watch on the frequently descending lift, and a half smile curved his firm lips as the phrase that had haunted him all the afternoon seemed to be beaten out on the

## THE QUIVER

gong with monstrous emphasis. "Out of the frying pan into the fire! Out of the frying pan into the fire!"

And then, while his impatient eyes were scanning a squashed group of femininity emerging from the cramped quarters of the lift, a tall woman in grey began descending the stairs.

Anthony Bennett was at their foot in an instant.

"So you are well enough to come down?" he asked eagerly. "That's good."

A very radiant Miss Jane smiled at him and said cheerfully, "Yes, the neuralgia has quite gone, thanks, owing to my taking your sensible advice."

Perhaps she had never looked more striking than she did that night. The grey silk fitted superbly and was cut with a clever simplicity that well became the wearer's figure. Miss Jane, thoughtfully surveying herself in her glass, had added Aunt Dollie's rope of pearls, and, bringing out Cousin Virginia's rings, tried them on. But Cousin Virginia must have had very thin fingers, for the smaller of the two rings would not fit one of Jane's, and as to the other it would go only on the third finger of her left hand.

"It will do there just as well as on the other hand," Jane had said to herself; and thought no more about it.

There was one Flapper who went early to bed that night in a fit of spleen.

"I wish you would let me call you Miss Jane," said Bennett, as he drew up their chairs in the conservatory. "Somehow, the dear, quaint name is just you."

"Well then, you may do so," smiled Miss Jane. "Are you not going to smoke?"

He was leaning back in his chair looking at her in that deliberate way of his.

"No, I don't want to smoke at present, thanks. I feel as if just to sit and look at you is quite enough."

"Oh, I say," laughed Miss Jane, blushing. "You make me feel like a—a cinematograph; positively you do."

Her eyes sparkled mischievously; she was altogether an awakened, animated sequel to the shy, quiet Miss Jane who had come there with him the first night.

He smiled back at her appreciatively.

"You are something far better than that,

and you know it," he said in a more serious voice. "Though as to that I am not so sure. For such a beautiful woman you are oddly humble."

Miss Jane moved restlessly and turned her burning face away.

"I—wish you would not talk so, Mr. Bennett; it is not quite kind, because it is not true," she murmured.

"Not true? Miss Jane, look me in the face if you can, and say you don't know that you are the most fascinating, delicious creature God ever made. Miss Jane, are you offended? Have I—"

For she had turned yet farther away and was hiding her face in her hands.

"Miss Jane, you are not offended? Please say you are not. You must know that I—" He was tugging at her hands almost roughly, intent on seeing that hidden face of hers, but he saw instead Cousin Virginia's ring, and all the light in his brown eyes died out. He bit his lip sharply.

"Miss Jane, I—see. I beg your pardon. I only regret you did not think it necessary to give me a hint a little sooner."

"A hint?" Miss Jane's face, startled now, was lifted quickly.

"Yes, a hint. The ring on your wedding finger," he explained.

"A hint!" Miss Jane echoed the words in horror, and over her face and neck blazed a flame of colour. For one pregnant, dreadful sentence was ringing in her ears: "My first evening at this hydro when I have not had to dodge a proposal of marriage."

So actually Mr. Bennett, pulled up in his cheap and somewhat disrespectful flattery, thought she had put on Virginia's ring as a hint that he should come to some definite understanding. Oh, how hateful!

There was silence in the greenhouse for a few minutes—minutes two indignant people spent very successfully in misreading each other's minds.

Then Mr. Bennett rose to his feet and said frigidly, "I will go and have a smoke."

Miss Jane, graceful head averted, made no rejoinder.

For quite half an hour after he had gone she sat there motionless, trying with dazed mind to see some less horribly galling meaning in his words. She was conscious that her interpretation of them was a somewhat unconvincing one. Why, surely because she wore a ring on her third finger



"I—wish you would not talk so, Mr. Bennett; it is not quite kind."

Drawn by  
Stanley R. Davis.

## THE QUIVER

he need not think her urging him to propose? And yet his words, "A hint!" Then Miss Jane gave a hasty cry of dismay. Oh, what a blind fool she had been—blind through sheer humility, too. Might he not—had he not undoubtedly thought her donning of the ring a belated acknowledgment that she was the fiancée of another? Now he had gone misunderstanding, because he had been too modest—and—and so had she. And they would never understand each other aright because their mutual modesty was rooted in a very fierce and sensitive pride.

So there in the fragrant dusk, where all along she had been so happy, Miss Jane sat sobbing alone. To be always alone! Ah, she must get used to that.

### CHAPTER IV

WHEN Anthony Bennett hurried out of the conservatory he made for the deserted writing-room. There for the best part of an hour he sat smoking hard in defiance of the regulations; until, in fact, the door opened to admit The Haddock, a bundle of letters in her hand. Then he pulled himself together, apologising for the tobacco smoke, and offered to open the window.

"Not at all. I don't mind. Puff away!" said The Haddock cheerfully, carefully keeping out of her voice the surprise she felt at finding him here when she had believed him to be, as usual, with Jane.

She sat down and tried three worn-out pens.

"Miss Riddell gone to bed?" she questioned.

"No. At least, not that I know of," came the reply.

"Rotten pens these!" grumbled The Haddock.

"Have mine?" suggested Bennett, bringing a black-cased one out of his pocket and crossing to the table, where he stood unscrewing it.

The Haddock glanced at his face swiftly and looked away.

"Where was Miss Riddell when you last saw her?" she asked, convinced by his expression all was not well.

"In one of the conservatories—the far one, I think," he answered, making haste to sit down again behind her.

But the artful Haddock, grumbling at the light, changed her place so that she faced him.

"Alone?" she queried pleasantly, dipping his pen in the ink.

"Er—I beg your pardon?" he said, coming out of his thoughts with a start.

"I asked was Miss Riddell alone?" said The Haddock patiently.

"Oh yes. Yes, alone when I left her," came the hasty response.

"And why did you do that, you idiot?" The Haddock scrawled on her notepaper.

"Can you tell me if dunderhead should be written as one word or with a hyphen?" she asked sweetly.

"I really could not say," he answered, giving vent to his irritability by adding, "Need you use such a clumsy word, though?"

"Oh no, perhaps not." The Haddock ruffled her front locks into an amazing tuft, not unlike that of a certain kind of poultry. "I could use dense or stupid instead."

A long silence, save for the scratching of a pen.

"What did you think of Miss Riddell's dress to-night? Got a fine taste in clothes, hasn't she?" said The Haddock presently.

"Oh I—" He turned in his chair, leant forward, and poked the fire. "Let me see—grey, wasn't it? Oh yes, very nice."

"Dear, dear!" The Haddock at one fell swoop had laid the tuft low. "My spelling is so very deficient. Now, do tell me is asinine spelt with two 's's' or one 'e'?"

"One," came the brief response.

"Thanks!" The Haddock's pen flew fast, especially when Bennett, gazing into the fire, could not know her anxious, bulgy eyes were earnestly regarding him. Presently she laid down the pen with a deep sigh and declared tragically, "It is no good. I simply must bolt upstairs and fetch my dictionary."

"Why, what is the difficulty now?" Bennett asked, half smiling, yet all impatience. In another moment he would leave this tiresome creature to her own orthography plus the dictionary.

"It is another word," explained The Haddock, despondently. "Pray, does one spell trifler with a 'y' or an 'i'?"

Bennett rose to his feet, intent on leaving the room.

## MISS JANE'S REJUVENATION

"With an 'i,' Miss Glanville, I believe. By the by," he added, as much to cover his departure gracefully as for any other reason, "your correspondence is surely rather—rather either corrective or abusive, isn't it? We have had dunderhead, asinine, trifler; not one a term of flattery or approval."

The Haddock's face grew crimson; even his casual, weary eye could see that.

"It is meant to be abusive, and I hope it will be corrective, too," she said in a very low voice that was not quite steady.

That voice, allied to the blush, gave her—or, rather, her purpose—away. Bennett took his pipe out of his mouth and stood a moment very still, one hand on the door.

"You mean—me, Miss Glanville?" he asked.

"Of course!" The Haddock snapped out her assent and began tearing up the sheet of paper on which so many incoherencies had been scribbled. "Of course I do! You've quarrelled—you can't deny it—with the best and sweetest creature that ever lived."

"Yes, I—that is, I begin to hope we have misunderstood each other," he said, coming back to the fire. "Miss Glanville, as her friend, if you can help to elucidate matters I shall be eternally obliged. I gathered that she, Miss Jane, is engaged."

"Wha-a-at!" The Haddock rolled her eyes horribly. "You gathered nuts in May, you dear, simple creature. Miss Jane

engaged, indeed—not she; but she would be if I were a man!"

Bennett took a quick step forward.

"You mean—"

"I mean she is not engaged now," said The Haddock excitedly; "but she will be soon. Gracious, with her looks and figure do you think any man she was pleased to like would dally in proposing unless he was an asinine trifler of a dunderhead? There! I've been awfully rude to you and you won't forgive me; but I don't care, you deserved it all." The Haddock ended breathlessly.

"You dear, kind soul!" Bennett had crossed the room to her side and insisted on shaking her hand. "You jewel of a woman. I've been all that you say—except the trifler—that you know wasn't true. Now I'll go and make amends!" And he rushed out of the room so impetuously as nearly to upset a miniature page staggering in with a mighty scuttle of coal.

"Lucky, lucky Jane! She will look even younger to-morrow," thought The Haddock, as she hid her dishevelled head behind the writing-paper rack.

And in the far conservatory Jane's bitter tears suddenly ceased falling, for a well-remembered step advanced eagerly towards her. In the fragrant gloom two masterful arms came round her and—well, in short, Miss Jane's rejuvenation was complete.



Willow Warblers.

Photo: C. Reid.

# HELPING DR. GRENFELL

## "Quiver" Readers' Aid for Lonely Forteau

WE in the Homeland have been through the alternations of rain and fog, heat and cold, that go to make up an English winter, and are looking forward with considerable hope and relief to the renewed life of spring.

The lonely coast of Labrador is still ice-bound, and is likely to remain so for some time to come, and whilst we are alternately bemoaning and blessing our climate, it would be well to remember a land of greater severity and greater hardship.

As announced in last month's *Quiver*, readers have generously responded to the appeal made by Dr. Grenfell some months ago, and I am hoping that through the kind gifts of readers we shall find it possible to keep Nurse Bailey, on the lonely little station of Forteau, supplied with the dogs and sledges, the boat, boatman, driver, etc., necessary for her work among the poor inhabitants of that bleak stretch of country.

I am able to report that, up to the date of writing (January 20th), the sum of £31 8s. 2d. has been received. The cost of the equipment for the whole year is £50, and it depends on the present response of our readers whether we can undertake the raising of this sum year by year. Will readers who have not already subscribed send a small gift to this fund, before Easter, if possible?

Miss Bailey is usually too busy to write long letters, but in the last epistle received

from her—dated November 21st, 1912—she gives a glimpse of a very active life. She mentions that she had already dispatched eighteen letters by the same mail!

She writes :

"Women are writing from all parts, from Bonne-Éspérance to Red Bay, for clothing, and I have scarcely time to get my meals before I hear that some one wants to see me in the dispensary.

I am fighting with an epidemic of measles, and to-day I have been kept busy with out-patients.

My worst patient is the boy who shot his hand two weeks ago. His sister has just arrived with a scalded arm. Now I have to run off and visit two very sick children.

I shall try to write some time during winter."

### Funds Received

The following is a list of the amounts received for this work from the date of going to press with the last issue, until January 20th. Sums received subsequently will be acknowledged later:

		£	s.	d.
	Brought forward	..	..	30 3 8
Anonymous	..	..	..	1 0 0
Miss Beasley	..	..	..	0 2 6
" Immortelle "	..	..	..	0 1 0
" Alpha Kappa "	..	..	..	0 1 0
		<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
		£31 8 2	<hr/>	<hr/>



## DR. GRENFELL AND "THE QUIVER"

Dr. Grenfell will be the principal contributor to the April Number of "The Quiver." He has written a stirring story of the sea, entitled "A Real Sea Fight." One of the incidents in the story will be illustrated on the cover of the number.

# THE HOUSE WITH SEVEN SERVANTS

A Glimpse of Housekeeping Ways in North China

By CATHARINE D. BURNE

IN these days, when the servant problem is one of such absorbing interest and difficulty, it may, perhaps, amuse some to hear how the question is met in the Far East. In China, for instance, the problem ceases to be a problem, for domestic service is not only cheap, but on the whole easy to obtain, and when obtained, good. One's house servants are all men, the only women employed being children's nurses—or amahs as they are called—and ladies' maids. Although in China the caste system does not prevail as in India, it is, nevertheless, impossible to induce one man to do the work of another, and this entails keeping many more servants than one would do in a house of similar size, or even a good deal larger, in England. In our own house (by no means a large one) in Wei-hai-wei, North China, we found it necessary to keep no fewer than seven servants. There were two amahs in charge of our four children; the "No. 2" did a certain amount of washing, and also of mending, while the "No. 1" was responsible for the personal care of the children.

Of men servants, the head one, who is always known as a "boy," corresponded to a mixture of an English parlourmaid and butler; the cook was, as his name implies, a cook; then came the coolie, whose duties were those of a housemaid in

England. These three comprised the indoor men servants. Then, as nearly every house has a large garden, and ours was no exception to the rule, it was absolutely necessary to keep a gardener. A man who carried water, went messages, and did other outside work, completed the seven servants. To English people this seems to be a most ridiculous number to keep, but when one realises the difference between the amount of work in a house in England and one in China, it does not seem quite so bad. None of the houses in Wei-hai-wei have water laid on, consequently every drop used for cooking, baths, and household purposes has to be carried from a well, which in our case happened to be some distance from the house. This in itself meant several hours' work daily for an outside servant. Then, even when the water was once in the house, all bath water had to be carried to the various bed- or bathrooms—every bed-bathroom attached to it—which meant extra work again, as the bathrooms with their stone floors are not easy to keep clean. We had no gas or electric light, and were consequently obliged to use lamps all over the house. This, too, added considerably to the work as well as to one's trials, for Chinese servants never seem to be able to manage lamps properly, besides which they are



A Chinese Servant with strings of "Cash."

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very fond of stealing oil. And one would fancy that it was their favourite amusement to break the chimneys of the lamps—especially large ones, which cost no less than a shilling each.

### Shopping

It is quite impossible for an English or other foreign woman to do her own marketing in China. The servants of foreigners have, when shopping for their masters, to pay considerably more for things than they would if buying for themselves. All the shop people know exactly whose servants they are, and according to their idea of the wealth or position of the foreigner for whom the cook is buying, so is the charge.

An amusing instance of this came to my notice once. When we first went to Wei-hai-wei we arranged with our dairyman to pay 10 cents (about 2½d.) a bottle for milk. This was quite a reasonable price, and, as we were a large household and required a great deal of milk, we were quite pleased not to have to pay more. The Chinese themselves never use milk; they keep cows for the use of foreigners, and so expect to make a good deal of profit out of them. It happened that just at that time there was a new doctor in Government employ—a bachelor—who had arranged to be supplied with milk by the same man as we had. One day he said to me, "Mrs. Burne, how much do you pay for milk a bottle?" I told him 10 cents, and he said that the man was charging him 15 cents! "Well," I said, "it must be the same kind of milk, so I would not pay it if I were you." He asked the dairyman how it was that he was charging us at the parsonage 10 cents a bottle, and yet was asking 15 cents from him, and the man replied in quite a pleasant way, "Oh! I thought you wouldn't mind paying 15 cents." The doctor pointed out to him that he had a great objection to paying fifty per cent. more than the proper price, and in future he was allowed to pay the same price as our humble selves.

If one tries to buy anything oneself at the native shops the result is that the price asked is about double what one's servant would pay, and even then he has had his little "squeeze." It is quite a

recognised thing that the servants are to make a certain amount on the marketing, and a wise woman never tries to cut down prices too low, as that means that she would be constantly changing her cook, and would probably soon find it impossible to get one at all, for if a mistress once gets a bad name, especially for stinginess, amongst the Chinese, all her chance of domestic peace is at an end. No servants will work for her. And it is a curious thing that all the Chinese for miles round seem to know all about her and her "objectionable" methods.

I was once asked by a lady who was well known to the Chinese, if I could get her a cook; we had, only a week or two before, been transferred from Chefoo to Wei-hai-wei, so that I was quite ignorant of her reputation. I asked my "boy" if he knew of anyone who wanted a place as cook, and at first he seemed quite hopeful of getting one; but after he had made inquiries amongst the local servants (he, too, had just come from Chefoo, and consequently knew as little as I did about the lady in question), he told me that it was impossible for him to get anyone to accept the situation. She was known to keep everything locked up, and also to dispute with her cook about the amount of "squeeze," or profit on marketing, that it was proper for him to have, and so she had to live in a state of continual suffering from domestic worry.

### Quick Changes

If one is, on the other hand, popular with one's servants it is perfectly wonderful how easy it is to replace a man who has left. The servants most likely to leave often are the coolies, as it is quite a common thing for a man who is absolutely untrained to come to a house where the wages given are small, and then, when he has had a little training, to go where he will be paid more. Missionaries are not expected to pay as much to their servants as Government or naval officials, or even hotel proprietors, so it was often my fate to change my coolies. The boy would say to me: "Missis, the coolie wantche go." So I would say: "Very well, boy, you can get another, can you not?" and in an hour or so the boy would come back and introduce

## THE HOUSE WITH SEVEN SERVANTS

another smiling celestial as "the new coolie."

Women servants, however, are by no means so easy to replace, and if one has the misfortune to have to part with an amah for any reason, it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to find a substitute. It is a curious thing, too, that women servants have to be paid more than men; this is probably due to the fact that they are harder to get. All women in China marry, and unless a woman's husband is very poor he naturally does not like her to go out as an amah; generally the women we get are widows, but not always.

### Wages

The wages paid to a servant who does not speak English are less than those paid to a servant performing similar service in England; and in addition to this, one's servants out there provide their own food, which makes the cost of service very much less. We paid our servants at the following rates: Boy, £14 8s. a year; No. 1 amah, £14 8s. a year; No. 2 amah, £10 16s.; coolie, gardener, cook, and outside man, about £8 8s. each. This, of course, mounts up, but not having to feed them made a very great difference.

I remember once reading an article in an English magazine on Chinese servants (this was some time before I went to China), and it said: "Chinese never use either any foreign articles of food or foreign cooking utensils." I found when I went to China that the writer of that article must have been drawing largely on his or her imagination—or was *very* fortunate in the servants employed. They are very fond of some of our food. Milk they never touch; but that is almost the only thing we use that they do not. And as for cooking utensils, one is in a constant state of war because they will persist in using our most cherished pans to cook onions or other strong-smelling articles of food. There is a kind of radish, about twenty times the size of our radishes, of which they are very fond. But when they cook them the only thing to do, if you want to keep your temper, is to go a very long way off. The smell is something appalling!

However, these little trials are mere details, and the Chinaman is not to be

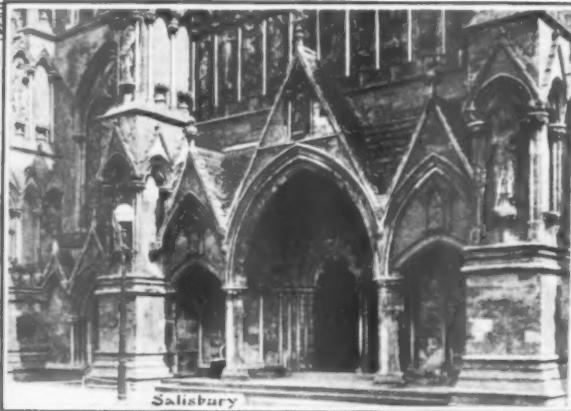
beaten anywhere as a servant. The way in which he rises to the occasion in an emergency is perfectly marvellous. Everyone dines late in China, and dinner is the meal to which one usually asks guests if hospitably inclined. I remember on one occasion, when we were stationed in Chefoo, we had a friend coming to dinner one Sunday evening; I did not go to church that evening, but my husband, to my horror, brought in four more unexpected guests to dinner. I called my boy, who was cook as well, with a little boy to help him in the rough kitchen work, and told him that master had brought four more people to dinner. He smiled and told me that it would be all right. And so it was. He gave us quite a good dinner for the whole party. And I wonder how many English cooks would do that if asked to provide for four unexpected guests at the actual hour of dinner!

### The Ingenious Chinese

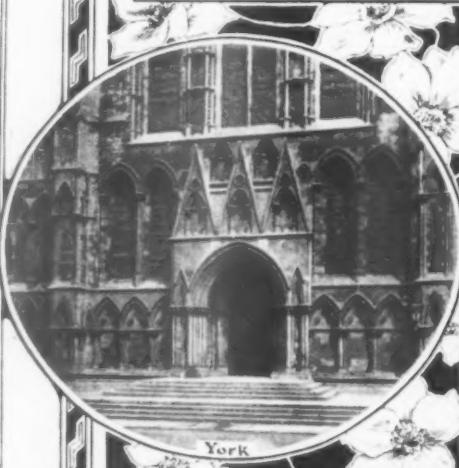
This is by no means the only incident of its kind that has come under my notice, for the Chinese are nothing if not ingenious, and the way in which they help you out of your difficulties as a hostess is perfectly wonderful.

It may be interesting to give an idea of the difference in price of food in China. Fowls and eggs are always easy to obtain, and very cheap: a fowl costs about 1s. and an egg about a farthing; but one cannot always guarantee that the fowl will be tender or the egg fresh. Butchers' meat is also much cheaper than in England, beef costing about 5d. a pound; mutton is often very dear—and also very tough. Game, however, is always to be had in season, and pheasants cost about 1s. 6d. each. Snipe are so plentiful that one hardly ever needs to buy them, as most of one's friends shoot, and so one usually gets as many as one wants given. Other things, such as vegetables, are also very cheap; if one has a garden one can usually grow the latter.

To sum up, housekeeping in China is much easier than in England, and a woman who has spent many years in the Far East, when she returns to England, spends much time in useless longing for her servants and all the other advantages she has left behind her.



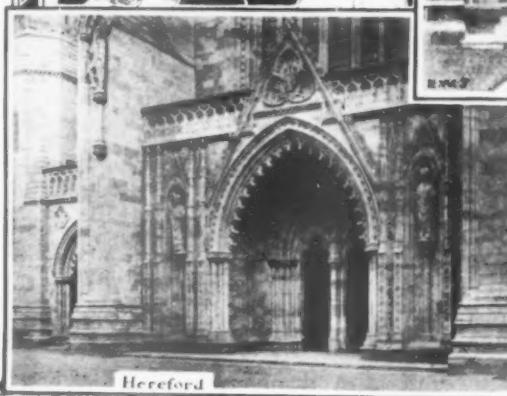
Salisbury



York



Lincoln



Hereford



Photos: E. W. Jackson, Altimont.

# OUR MOTTO COMPETITION

First Prize: £20 in Goods

Second Prize: £10 in Goods

Twelve "Teaettas" & Twelve Volumes

By THE EDITOR

THE time is drawing close for the completion of our Motto Competition. It is true that the final date is not until April 30th, but, remembering that Easter comes between, it would be well for all who wish to enter to make a start at once. I know that some workers think that they are at their best when doing things in a hurry, but, when it comes to the prize distribution, it is usually the case that the awards go to those who have taken time over their work.

By now the greater number of the competitors will have chosen their texts or mottoes, and will have some idea as to the treatment of the words.

I have received a number of letters in reference to various points in the competition, and perhaps a few words devoted to these will be helpful.



## Cost of Materials

Some of the competitors anticipate trouble because of the stipulation in the first rule about the cost of the materials. The sole reason why I make this stipulation is so as to avoid any one competitor, by sheer extravagance on the materials used, having an unfair advantage over those who cannot afford expensive materials. I repeat what I said in former competitions: this limiting of the cost to one shilling is not meant to exclude any little trifles that the competitor may have on hand. In this case, there will be no need for competitors to go into minute calculations as to the exact amount and cost of the paint used on a drawing—*the cost of paints need not be included.*

Notwithstanding what I said about frames, some of the competitors are

desirous of framing their mottoes, and find that they cannot do this and keep within the shilling limit. In this case it will be allowable for the frames to be put on the drawings, *but a note must be attached, stating that the cost of the frame is not included in the limit of one shilling.* Please note that I do not ask for frames, but I do not wish to spoil anyone's design by making an arbitrary ruling on the subject.

As I said before, it is not desirable that glass be sent; if competitors deem glass to be absolutely essential, they must take the necessary pains in packing to ensure that it is not broken on the journey.

Competitors may send in as many entries as they please—the greater the number, the better for the hospitals. But each entry must be accompanied by a coupon.

As to packing, competitors must use their own judgment. It is much better to send the entries flat instead of rolled, but if this is done, care must be taken, or the design will be damaged in transit. An extra strawboard or a couple of cardboards will serve to protect the motto.

Please remember the purpose for which the mottoes are intended—to hang on the walls of hospitals and similar institutions. Although there is plenty of room for fancy treatment, see that the actual wording is distinctive, so that it can be seen at a distance.



## When to Send

The best answer to the question, When to send? is: Now! I know that my post-bag will be unduly swollen on April 30th, and every entry received up to the closing time of the office on that day will be eligible; quite possibly I shall have a

## THE QUIVER

telegram or two, asking for a few days' extension of time. But why go to all the trouble and anxiety involved in leaving things to the last minute? If not already commenced, start at once, and keep straight on, giving what time you can best spare to the undertaking; then send it in.

Possibly, when your entry is dispatched, you will think of some other motto and some different method of treatment; if so—and if you have been expeditious—there will still be time to execute this also, and send it in before the closing date.

Last year I had some 2,000 entries for our Quotations Competition. I am very anxious that this number should be exceeded this year. Remember that none of the work is wasted, but that every text and motto goes on a little mission of cheer and inspiration to those who are not so fortunate in life as yourself.



### The Prize List

The FIRST PRIZE will be an order for TWENTY POUNDS on Messrs. Boots, Cash Chemists.

Most of my readers know that Messrs. Boots have one or more branches in every town, large and small, in the British Islands, and that they supply almost everything in the way of fancy goods, etc. The fortunate winner will be able to visit any one of Messrs. Boots' establishments and select goods to the value of £20; or, if this is not convenient—if the winner lives abroad, for instance—the Prize may be selected from the lists issued by the firm.

### Other Prizes

The SECOND PRIZE in this competition will be a similar order on Messrs. Boots for TEN POUNDS' worth of goods.

For each of the next twelve in order of merit I am giving a "Teaetta" Tea-maker—a similar device to the "Caffeta" Coffee-makers which were so much appreciated in our last competition. The "Teaetta" is the simplest and most perfect tea-maker known, and avoids the evils of tannin-poisoning.

As Consolation Prizes, I am offering twelve handsome volumes, making twenty-six prizes in all.



### The Rules

All competitors must observe and abide by the following rules:

1. The text or motto may be upon any material—paper, board, wood, linen, canvas, etc.—and drawn, painted, or worked by any process—water-colour or oils, cotton or silk, or any other method. But the cost of the materials used must in no case exceed One Shilling, and the finished article must not be more than 3 feet in its longest dimension.

2. Each text or motto must be accompanied by the special coupon (which appears in the advertisement section), with the name and address of the competitor.

3. The entries must be addressed to The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., marked "Competition," and sent carriage paid. They must be received by the Editor not later than April 30th, 1913.

4. The decision of the Editor is final.



## NOTICE TO READERS

I regret that, as our February Number was sold out on the day of publication, some readers had difficulty in obtaining their copies. The Publisher has made arrangements to print an extra quantity of this present issue, but readers should order the magazine in advance, as it is impossible to reprint the number.

THE EDITOR.



By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

THE householder community seems to be roughly divided into two classes: those who are constantly changing homes, and who may be tersely described as "once a mover, always a mover"; whilst, in exact opposition to these restless mortals, there are the people who have apparently taken root in the abodes in which they settled early in life.

To the former section the off-recurring event is, apparently, a positive joy, and such folks are wont to declare that they would sooner move into a newly done-up house than go through the wearisome process of spring-cleaning. Members of the latter class, however, aver that the mere mention of the word "house-move" causes thrills of horror to run through their nerves, and that nothing short of being burnt out, or of having the house tumbling to pieces, would induce them to quit their comfortable and accustomed quarters.

As usual, the impartial onlooker will admit there is something to be said on both sides of the question. It is obvious that moving is an expensive business, and, from first to last, even quite a small move makes a large hole in a £50 cheque. I do not mean to say that the actual transport of one's lares and penates absorbs half, or even a quarter, of this sum. It is the hundred and one little expenses of repairing damages, making good breakages and losses, and putting up fittings of various descriptions—things that, though only costing a few shillings each, soon run away with quite an alarming number of pounds. Curtains, carpets, etc., which appear still in good condition in well-worn surroundings, suddenly

assume a shabby and forlorn aspect when brought in close proximity with spick and span wall-papers and fresh paint, even if they are obliging enough to fit the floors and windows in the new house, which is not generally the case.

On the other hand, there is a good deal to be said in favour of an occasional move. A complete overhauling and upheaval is unquestionably the most effective way of getting rid of the rubbish that will accumulate, be the housewife ever so energetic in her efforts to systematically free the rooms of dust and dirt-holding papers, etc. Most women, and not a few men, experience pleasurable sensations when taking possession of a recently redecorated and spotlessly clean abode, and the psychical effects on health and spirits are by no means to be despised.

It is not my purpose in this article to offer any suggestions as to the choosing of the new house, nor the decorating thereof. Tastes and requirements differ so tremendously, that it would take a whole volume to enumerate, even briefly, the various schemes and theories regarding modern house furnishing. I should like, however, to offer a word or two of advice on two very important items connected with the business part of the arrangement, and these are addressed particularly to women who have never before had occasion to manage such matters for themselves. Although I fully realise that members of my own sex are nowadays much more ably versed in business matters than they were twenty, or even ten, years ago, they do not, except in a few isolated cases, sufficiently understand legal and technical

## THE QUIVER

terms, to sign any agreement that an unscrupulous landlord may put before them. They should engage the services of a competent surveyor, who will thoroughly examine the house and say what repairs, etc., he considers necessary, and test the drainage system; and, before signing any documents connected with liabilities, these should be submitted to a solicitor, for although they may seem to the casual reader simple and favourable, they *may* contain clauses the importance and unfairness of which only a man of legal experience can detect, and without this assistance the householder may find herself responsible for all kinds of repairs and other expenses, of which fact she had no idea until called upon to pay the bills.

Such actions are also advisable on the score that they prove to the landlord that he is dealing with a wideawake woman, and that his tenant is not content to mildly submit to every proposal he chooses to make to her.

The most popular times for house-moving are the spring and autumn quarter-days, i.e. March 25th and September 29th. Very few persons care to brave the discomforts of a Christmas move, and there appears to be some unwritten law against a midsummer move, though in many ways the climatic conditions would seem to mark this quarter as the most favoured of the four.

As soon as the house has been taken, the arrangements for papering and painting should be made, and the work put in hand in order that the men will have completed all preparations before the furniture arrives. Do not forget to have all the chimneys swept, and any holes which will encourage visits from mice or beetles carefully closed. If a March move is contemplated, it is advisable to have fires lighted in all the rooms of the house for several days before occupation takes place. Such warmth is not only necessary to health, but it will also assist in drying the wall-papers and paint, both of which remain soft and are consequently easily damaged in cold, damp weather. If the house has been unoccupied for some months, this precaution should be taken, even if the move happens in June.

The windows must be cleaned, and any paint spots be removed with turpentine, and as many as possible of the fixtures in the form of lighting brackets, curtain poles, hanging cupboards, etc., be placed in position before

the rooms are encumbered with furniture and packing cases.

As regards the cost of the move, it is always well to write to several firms for estimates, and to engage the "mover" well in advance. If you are leaving one town for another, it is best to be moved by a man who lives in the place to which you are going. Knowing that you are about to become a resident in his neighbourhood, and hoping for further custom, he will take more interest in the move than will a man who realises that in all probability his present dealings with you will also be his last.

Do not forget to notify the Water Board and light-supplying company that you intend to take possession of such-and-such a house on a certain date, or you may find yourself deprived of those necessary adjuncts to comfort—water and light, and some days may elapse before you are connected with the supplies.

So much for the new house.

We must now return to the old abode, and make our preparations there, for it is on these that, to a very considerable extent, the comfort and success of the move will depend.

I am taking it for granted that a good deal of sorting and packing will devolve on the housewife, and that she will be responsible for all the personal effects. I think, however, she will be well advised to entrust the packing of china and glass to the moving men, for they have had much practice in such matters, and have become experts in the art. Unless they pack breakables themselves, they will not be responsible for accidents, and one cannot claim compensation for breakages.

Undoubtedly, the boxroom must be attacked first, for it is here that rubbish mostly accumulates. The best plan is to spread a dust-sheet on the floor, and to throw into it everything that is not wanted. At the end of the day the sheet can be taken down to the kitchen, and the contents subjected to a close scrutiny, because small valuables may have been inadvertently mixed up with the rubbish. This clearing must be systematically carried through every room in the house. May I remind my readers that what may be no longer of use to them may possibly be very acceptable to others, and that it is not much trouble to provide some sacks in which all unwanted clothes, household belongings, broken ornaments, papers, periodicals, etc., can be packed. The sacks can then be sent by carrier to

## THE HOME DEPARTMENT

one of the East End missions, where they will be gratefully received and distributed.

The odds and ends which are of no further use to anyone can be collected and given to the dustman, who, for a small "tip," will rid you of any amount of rubbish.

A move is really an excellent opportunity for going through all one's possessions, re-lining drawers, doing up furniture, etc. The main idea to be observed is that no dust or dirt, in any shape or form, is to be taken into the new house—that you are, in fact, going to start life anew, and as dauntlessly spotless as the proverbial "new pin."

Bear in mind that all wardrobes and heavy pieces of furniture will be disjointed and carried off in sections, so that drawers containing personal belongings should be provided with light covers that can be laid over and tucked round the contents.

Books are perhaps the worst dust collectors in a house, and they must receive special attention. To eliminate the dust, hold a book in each hand and bang them together (if properly done this will not hurt the most delicate binding); then brush and wipe with a duster before packing them in cases which have been lined with stout brown paper.

All silver and other metal ornaments should be thoroughly cleaned, wrapped in tissue paper and packed in boxes, whence they will emerge ready for re-arrangement on shelf or table. The contents of the boxes should be written on a slip of paper, pasted or otherwise fastened to the lid. Of course, you will, all through these preparations, have a little book in either the pocket of your apron or tied with tape round your waist, in which the various items connected with the move will be noted.

Carpets, blinds, heavy curtains, etc., should be dispatched to the cleaner's in good time, so that they may be laid or hung in the new house a day or two before the actual move. This will permit of the heavy furniture being immediately placed in permanent position—a great advantage when the household consists entirely of women.

Oil paintings and pictures whose frames require renovations can also be got rid of by sending them to a picture cleaner and frame repairer, who will keep them stored until the owners are ready for them again. If, however, no such attentions are required the pictures can be cleaned at home, and placed in the vans for transit.

Groceries and household stores should be allowed to fall to the lowest ebb, an order for fresh supplies being written ready to be dispatched at a favourable opportunity. Comestibles that will be wanted for immediate use should be packed in a hamper distinctly labelled as to its contents, so that if it is put into the van, or temporarily lost sight of, it can be easily found and identified.

A cold joint, small ham, tins of tongue and sardines, a pie or other dish that can be prepared beforehand and eaten cold, together with knives and forks, can be placed in the hamper; for however well planned and organised a move, it is useless to deny the fact that for at least two or three days everyone is too busy to want to worry about cooking, whilst at the same time it is evident that good, nourishing meals will be required.

On the morning of the move the family must be early astir. The beds must be stripped, the sheets and blankets folded, wrapped round the pillows, and each set tied up in a dust-sheet. The men's first job should be to take the beds to pieces and send them off in the first van-load.

There should always be two responsible persons in a move, one in the new house and the other in the old. The former should be provided with a rough sketch of each room, showing the proposed position of the various pieces of furniture, as otherwise the men are apt to dump down wardrobes, side-boards, etc., in any place that takes their fancy, which arrangement seldom meets with the approbation of the owner of the goods.

The other—for preference, the master of the house—should remain behind to superintend the loading of the vans, whilst the mistress and maid will be invaluable in the new abode. The latter can make the beds, arrange the china, and get the bedrooms, and at least one sitting-room, fairly comfortable before nightfall. This is supposing that there is but a short distance between the two houses; if the furniture has to be conveyed by train, other and more lengthy arrangements must be made.

Forethought and method are undoubtedly the golden rules to be observed in moving, and however impossible or difficult a move or any other housewifely problem may seem, the exercise of these two "oils" will simplify matters and help the wheels of Fate to run smoothly and well.

# THE WOMEN'S WORK BUREAU

Conducted by "WINIFRED"

This Advisory Bureau advises girls and women as to the best course to pursue with regard to their work, training for a definite calling, etc.

There are no fees, but those requiring any information must enclose 6d. postal order (which should be crossed), and a stamped envelope, when a reply will be sent them by post. Address all communications to "Winifred," THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

## OPENINGS FOR WOMEN ABROAD

IT is my lot to receive daily numerous letters from women and girls who have to make their own way in the world, and who, either disillusioned by the monotony of their daily existence in this country, or fired by the example and accounts of those who have breasted successfully the difficulties encountered in new or at any rate other lands, desire to go and do likewise.

Now, though as the Latin sage expressed it, "They who cross the seas change their sky but not their disposition," there are undoubtedly opportunities, especially in the Colonies, which are not to be found at home, but they need to be taken by those who can adapt themselves to circumstance, and who are prepared to find, and to like, things different from what they are accustomed.

Great care, however, has to be exercised before going to any country, and unless a woman already has friends established at the place to which she intends going, she should only go out under the auspices of some accredited society. This applies with equal force to all countries, European or Colonial. As a matter of fact, the same qualities that make for success in our own country are those most in demand in others, and there, as here, it is the manual worker who is in the greatest request. Primitive or somewhat primitive communities demand the primitive qualities.

In Canada the chief demand is for "home helps"; there is a great need for teachers, but the Canadian Education Authorities require a period of training in their Normal Schools, in addition to certificates and a satisfactory report from Whitehall. Teachers can pass from primary to secondary work in the Canadian schools, thus gaining experience of the different branches of education. As a rule, a teacher starts in a

country school, and she must know how to turn her hand to anything.

There are openings in private families for girls who speak English with a flawless accent, and for such posts it is desirable that a girl should be a good needlewoman. Educated women who know shorthand and typewriting, and have a good knowledge of languages, can find posts as secretaries. There is a good demand for nurses—at least a year must be spent training in the Colonial hospitals—and those who undertake private nursing are expected to help practically in the house, especially if it is the wife who is ill. Here is the opinion of a lady who has lived out there for some time. She writes to me: "I know a great deal of the Prairie Provinces, and have had many amusing and risky experiences in travelling there. I have been days and nights in the open air, and have slept under a wagon with the coyotes, or prairie wolves, howling round. They are harmless, but to me a terror."

"There is a crying need in Western Canada for women, mostly young ones, but there is room for all who can work. Room, and ample wages with a joyous welcome from warm-hearted, kindly employers, and in one of the very finest climates in the world. Briefly I will tell you the two special classes which are in demand. Domestic helps come first. That is, girls who are used to good homes in the British Isles, and know how one should be kept. They are engaged here to share the work and home and life of the mistress, and are treated in every way as equal and friend. They must, however, disabuse their minds that any home duty is menial, because in Canada it is *not*. Well-bred and well-educated ladies do everything necessary in a home without any affectation that it is beneath them: on the contrary, they

## THE WOMEN'S WORK BUREAU

look upon it as their natural vocation, and take pride in a well-kept house and a well-served table. Nowhere in the whole world are workers more respected than in the West, where the scarcity makes them precious. For any good girls grasping these facts, and prepared to willingly share home duties, many, many vacancies are open, and the pay is from £4 a month clear.

"Now, for older women, the single or the widows, who have reached really mature years. There are thousands of farms on the Prairies where they would be heartily welcomed as housekeepers, and have comfortable homes and good wages. There are numerous bachelors, and some widowers, at this present suffering discomfort and loss of valuable time because it is almost an impossibility to hire a woman of any description to attend to their wants."

In Australia there is plenty of room for well-trained, really competent teachers. University graduates in Arts or Sciences who will take resident posts in girls' boarding schools can earn salaries of £100 to £150. "Middle form" teachers receive from £40 to £80.

In New Zealand there is a big demand for mother's and lady helps, who, however, do not always receive the same wages as a competent servant. Two friends working together thus would possibly find the life very pleasant, as they would not then be dependent on their employer for society and intercourse. There is not a great demand for teachers in general, but there is some opening for those who understand kindergarten

work. Fully-certified and trained nurses are needed, the rates of pay being good. As in this country, there is more than a sufficient number of women clerks, typists, and so forth.

There are openings in Buenos Ayres for steady sensible women who know Spanish, and who have had a good business training as stenographers and typists. For such employment can be had in one of the many English houses of business at a salary of £200 a year. Those who contemplate going out should communicate with the Secretary of the Y.W.C.A. there.

In South Africa there is a demand for teachers in Cape Colony, and in Natal there is some demand for private governesses for the remote country places. There is a general demand for women workers of all classes, who, however, should only go out to friends or through accredited societies. The following are some of these, and information will be given by any of them to inquirers :

The South African Colonisation Society, 23 Army and Navy Mansions, 115 Victoria Street, S.W. (this society has for its object the employment of British women in South Africa); the British Women's Emigration Association, Imperial Institute, S.W.; the Colonial Intelligence League (for educated women), 36 Tavistock Place, W.C.; the Colonial Nursing Association, Hon. Sec., Miss Mowbray, Imperial Institute, S.W.; Young Women's Christian Association, Emigration Department, 26 George Street, Hanover Square, W.

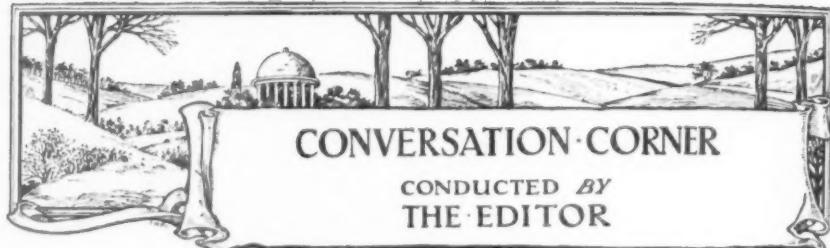


## "THE QUIVER" GUILD OF HOME WORKERS

So many letters have been received from people living in the country—many in remote parts—who are evidently skilled workers, but who are debarred by distance from finding a market for their wares, that we have decided to establish a Guild of Home Workers, with the object of putting employers and workers into communication.

A Register will be kept, in which the names and addresses of all Guild members will be inserted, with particulars of the kind of work they undertake or want done. An Annual Subscription of 1s. will be charged for this.

Full particulars will appear in our next issue.



### In the Days of Lent

IT is perhaps characteristic of human nature that more people observe Easter than Lent, and that still more celebrate Christmas than either. This year, by the vagaries of the calendar, Easter is earlier than it has been for a generation, consequently we start earlier than usual the season of Lent—the time which Christians from apostolic days have set apart for fasting and self-examination, for the special humiliation of the flesh, and the remembrance of the Passion of our Lord. Like all good institutions, Lent soon suffered from the mechanical instincts of human nature. It is easier and more tangible to abstain from meat than to refrain from pride of heart and vainglory of life. We live in a practical age, and to us it seems difficult to understand why an appetising fish dinner should be more meritorious than, say, cold meat.

The principle, however, remains: it is good for the human heart to have a season for reflection and spiritual stocktaking. More important still is it to have a time when we can escape out of the petty tyranny of the daily round, and identify ourselves with the magnificent world-purpose of our God, as witnessed in the Good Friday sacrifice of Calvary.



### Living on Stocktaking

HAVE you ever sat down for a solid hour to think over your own sins, and to express the proper penitence for the same? If so, you will know how easily the practice may become morbid. I once had the fortune to be Editor of a small country paper which did not pay its way. In order that we might know exactly how matters stood, the secretary of the company devised the torture of a stocktaking every six weeks! The formality was duly observed, and an elaborate balance-sheet drawn up—but the newspaper died nevertheless.

We cannot live on stocktaking nor on self-examination. These have their proper place, but after they are done there is a better way.



### The Outward Look

THE best of people are in danger with the worst of us of becoming self-centred, and perhaps the season of Lent, if used to make us interest ourselves aright in the affairs of our neighbours, would be a wholesome correction. One may not say this, however, without qualification: the world is in daily exasperation from the interfering efforts of well-meaning but tactless people. I mean rather the adoption of the "outward look"; putting ourselves quietly in the background, and then trying to get a more ideal appreciation of other people than is common in society. Take the story "Angels Unawares," in this number, and see how the heroine reads into people goodnesses and graces they had no idea themselves of possessing.

It is so easy for us to get into the carping, critical style of living; faults are easy to find, but the man who can detect hidden virtues is a genius of the first order, and welcome all the time.



### Where are the Men?

"THE race of great men has died out," says the pessimist. Look through the pages of this number of our magazine. We start off with Livingstone, and we soon discover that he was a man of like passions with us—with faults and peculiarities, just as the people around us. On the other hand, the article on "Character-Reading in Daily Life" shows, the person next you in the tram-car has an individuality as interesting, a character as promising, as any of those in the long line of bygone heroes. Life everywhere is interesting, if we have

## CONVERSATION CORNER

but the eyes to observe; human life is full of potentialities, if we take the trouble to single out the hidden good. The egoist finds only one man worth studying, and it's a poor study at best. But he who possesses the "outward look" need never be dull.

So shall we take this Lenten prescription: first, the humility that arises from a candid knowledge of our own shortcomings; added to it, the quiet mind that is content to look around on the things of others; completed by the Charity which thinks the best of others, suffers long, and is kind. Easy to say, and hard to do, I know—but there can be no doubt it would produce an Easter of amazing glory.



### Dr. Grenfell

MONTH by month I make a sort of half resolve not to fritter away this "Conversation Corner" with anticipations of the next number; then comes along the advance "make-up" of the following issue, and I cannot refrain from mentioning a few items. Just now, for instance, I have before me the proof of the cover of the April number: it depicts a scene from "A Real Sea Fight," which I have been fortunate to get from Dr. W. T. Grenfell. Anything that Dr. Grenfell writes is eagerly read by a large circle of his admirers, and who does not admire a man of the large-hearted daring of our Labrador pioneer? The story is a true one, and thrilling, and concerns a North Sea fisher captain.



### Cocoa and Rubber

A GREAT deal is being heard just now of cocoa and rubber; not so much the finished products of these necessary everyday articles, but the terrible cost in native blood and suffering of their production. I have no intention of harrowing the feelings of my readers, but it seemed only right that THE QUIVER should present just the facts of the case, with a clear indication of the responsibility of this country for the stopping of the evils. There is one man now among us who is peculiarly fitted to write on the subject—I refer, of course, to the Rev. J. H. Harris, who, with his wife, investigated on the spot conditions of the trade, and has been carrying on a campaign on behalf of the betterment of the natives. Mr. Harris has kindly written an article on "The Price of Rubber and Cocoa—in Hard Cash and

Human Suffering," and this will be illustrated by numerous photographs taken by the author.



### In the Days of the Past

THERE are two adventures into the days of the past: one an article, and the other a story. In "The Controversy about Hymn-Singing," Mr. Vincent C. Feesey brings some amazing and amusing facts from the forgotten records of the seventeenth century. It seems almost incredible that there could ever be a time when the Church was vexed with a controversy as to whether or not singing was lawful; but you may visit the British Museum and verify the statements Mr. Feesey makes. In the story, "A Standing Stone," we are taken back to the sad, stern days of the persecution of the Covenanters.



### Jackson of Manchuria

LIVINGSTONE in Africa, Grenfell in Labrador, and Arthur Jackson in Manchuria; their names fit in well together. Some time ago in these columns I briefly referred to the heroic example set by young Dr. Arthur Jackson, who died whilst fighting the plague on the borders of Manchuria. Seeing my reference, Dr. Jackson's mother kindly sent me the "Life" of her son (by Rev. Alfred J. Costain; published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton). It has been an inspiration to read of the fresh, manly, Christlike young mission doctor—full of fun, and without fear; unselfish to the core, and without "side." He accomplished more in his death than in his life; his memory will be of inestimable value to the Christian Church for years to come.

Arthur Jackson is held up to our notice now because he passed away at the opening of his career; but are there not many others, even in this age of ours, quietly achieving lives of the noblest chivalry? I know that there is a good deal of commonplace living in high streets; I know, too, that wickedness sometimes struts up and down the land unconquered. Still, even around us are the true Christian knights, and it is open to the least clever of us to discover them and appreciate them at their true worth. Here, then, is a Quest for all of us—and the quarry may be found in unexpected places.

*The Editor*

The COMPANIONSHIP PAGES  
Conducted by ALISON  
Motto By Love Serve One Another

How, When and  
Where Corner,  
March, 1913

MY DEAR COMPANIONS.—I must first of all just tell you about a little letter that came to me the other day from one of the youngest of our members. It gave me such a thrill of happiness. This tiny blue letter had very few sentences in it, but this was one: "I have given myself to the Lord Jesus, and our servant has too, and we help each other along."

And, do you know, as I read it I thought, "How many of our Companions had done this?" And I began to picture what a fine thing it would be if every single one of you could say what that little girl said to me so simply. I expect many of you can say it, but if you have *not*, let me ask you, won't you, right away? And then there will come into your life something which will have a most wonderful transforming influence, something more wonderful than the mightiest fairy power that you have ever dreamed of. Just as the sunlight is busy now making the bare places of the earth ready for the full beauty of the spring, and increasing the loveliness of what is already beautiful, so this marvellous power of God does with the men and women and boys and girls who simply "give" themselves, every bit of themselves, to Him. *Will you?*

This isn't a lot of "goody-goody nonsense" as some folks think it is. While you have been reading up about Livingstone for the competition, perhaps some of you will have discovered this was the secret of his wonderful power and achievement—the *giving of himself*, first to God, and then, with His help, to others. And you will find that this is always so with all the truly great good men and women of every country.

Let me tell you of a girl friend of mine. She works in a factory in the East End of

London. She has done what our little Companion writes about. Her work is very hard, machining all day. After she had been some time in her present workroom, she found her neighbour curious about a card she sometimes took from her pocket to look at. Presently she found that her neighbour also belonged to a branch of the society whose members had that card. Well, after a while these two girls made a bargain that every day, in a quiet corner of the factory, early in the morning before they started their day's work, they would read a few verses from the Bible. They wanted to start, you see, with something pure and sweet and noble in their minds to help them all through the long fatiguing hours. So they started their plan. First one, and then another of the other workgirls in that room got curious, as you might expect, and tried to find out what was "on." And then one and another said, "Oh, can't I join in too?" And when I last heard of my friend there were ten of those girls already attached to that little early morning reading circle. And some of us who know are watching to see what else will happen. Those girls are mostly girls who never go near any church or place where they are likely to hear about Jesus Christ. We are sure that workroom will become a brighter, happier and sweeter place for this influence. And the beginning of it all will have been in that *giving of herself* by that young girl friend of mine.

Tell me what you think about it, if you care to.

Now we must get to our particular business, which this month is chiefly—letters! I know how you enjoy a Letter Budget. I must tell you one fact, though. That is that I am delighted by the way our year has started. I mean, in regard to our Violet Fund. We really think we shall be able to undertake further responsibility. You must look for good news soon, those of you who are

## THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

so keen. The continual adding together of the "littles" by those who are loyally and lovingly doing their "best" is, you see, telling up splendidly. Bravo! all my plucky helpers.

### Notes from New Members

With a request for membership, *Elsie Plummer* (age 12; Edinburgh) sends this note :

"I have just begun, lately, to read the H.W.W.C., and I like it very much indeed. Mother has taken in THE QUIVER for a good time now, but somehow I never noticed the 'Corner' before. . . . I think it is so nice to be able to support three little children. I hope there will be more soon."

*Alice Kenyon* (aged 15; Oswaldtwistle) says her mother has only

"just started to get THE QUIVER. I think I shall like it very much. There are some splendid stories in it, and when I read about your Corner I was delighted to think I had an opportunity to make some nice friends."

*Edith L. Segré* (aged 13; Sav. la Mar) is another of our rapidly growing Companionship Group in Jamaica. She writes me a most interesting letter, and I should like to quote nearly all of it, but it is marked "Private." You will be glad to hear, though, that her home did not suffer very badly in that recent awful storm.

*Gwenfair Jones* (aged 11; Penrhyn-dendraeth) is an addition to our North Wales membership. How many of you who are not Welsh can pronounce the name of her home place? She writes :

"I have been wanting to become a member of the H.W.W.C. for some time, and I have decided to-night to fill in the coupon and send the stamp. I do hope to be of some help to you. My life is a very busy one, and I try my best to be good, but often fail. I go to school, and I am in Standard V. I enjoy lessons very much as we have such nice teachers who tell us lovely stories. Yesterday in one of our class-rooms there was a Box Opening Meeting and tea for Dr. Barnardo's Homes. We enjoyed ourselves very much. I recited 'In the Children's Hospital,' by Tennyson; 'Ye do it to Me when ye do it to these.' I suppose that is why we were so happy there."

From *Eaglescliffe Margery Cotes* (aged 11) writes :

"I am sending the coupon to become a member of the H.W.W.C. We take THE QUIVER every month, and I have been very interested in the Companionship Pages. I will do my best to help to keep the three children in Canada. I hope we will soon be able to keep more. I will try to get some of my friends to join. I travel to school every morning, which I like very much."

We have to welcome another new member in India, *A. S. Halbe* (aged 15). K. V. Deshmukh, he writes, is his "very fast friend," and he also attends the Baroda High School.

A new member in St. Vincent, British West Indies, is *Hilary Da Santos* (aged 14), who has been a reader for some time.

*Edith M. Wright* (aged 18) joins us at Corfe Castle.

We shall hope for letters from all these new friends before long.

And now for

### A Dip into my Letter Box

The first letter I take out is from *Josephine Lihou*. You all will be glad to hear her say : "I am almost strong now, and, as you say, it is glorious to feel quite well and myself again." You remember Josephine was ill with typhoid when we last heard of her. Her letter was written from the place to which her parents had taken her for a change after the illness.

"I do wish you could see this place," she writes. "I am sure you would be charmed with it. Our island, Trinidad, is almost land-locked, but has three large openings, called Bocas (Spanish), by which the Gulf of Paria is reached. After entering them it is about two hours' steaming before you drop anchor at Port of Spain. On the way up to this city you pass several little islands that are used as health resorts. The one we are staying at is called Gasparee. It is about a mile and a half long, and half a mile broad. It has many bays, and in each bay there is a house which people rent. All the bays have fairly good bathing places, but the one called Bombshell is the best. The whole of the bottom is hard white sand. We had a bathe there this morning. I enjoyed it very much. We bathe three times a day and do a lot of rowing. We can all row and swim, even my little brother, who is only five years old. On a point near our bay there are the remains of an old Spanish fort. In front of us is an island called Carera, where the prisoners are sent to work. We saw a ship come off the floating dock."

For twelve and a half Josephine writes excellently, and her letter is well put together. I am sure you will think she deserves a Letter Prize this month. All you schoolboys and girls will be turning up your big atlases, doubtless, so that you can follow Josephine's little description better.

Another letter from the West Indies is sent by *Lizzie Palmer*, who is back again from Grenada at her home on St. Lucia. She would like to correspond with a member over here.

And *Kathleen Burke* sends me a gift and a very kind letter from Sav. la Mar :

"I am glad," she says, "to see so many members coming in, and I hope we shall be able soon to keep another little one. I feel very much for the little children when I read of all the hardships they have to contend with. What a sad face David had, but I guess he is quite happy now! I wish the Scheme, which I think splendid one, every success. I shall try my best to get some more members for you."

## THE QUIVER

Kathleen's sister, *Elsie*, wrote for a badge and sent a gift also for the Fund.

"You must have heard," she writes, "of the dreadful hurricane that swept over the western parishes of our little island, destroying houses, and rooting up trees and rendering many people homeless. We had a narrow shave from two big trees falling, before the house; fortunately they fell sideways, and only knocked out a few shingles."

It was a real pleasure to hear again from our old friend *Clarice Hilton*.

"We have started taking *THE QUIVER* again, and it just reminded me that it was about time I sent in another little subscription. I wonder if I shall still be counted a member of the Corner? If you remember I wrote last year and told you we were giving up *THE QUIVER*, but now we have started with it again I hope I shall still be able to feel I belong to it. I think the Christmas Number is lovely. Last time I looked at *THE QUIVER* we had only got Violet and David, and now I see there is another little girl called Lena. It is very nice to be able to help three children on in life. Violet seems very happy, from her letter, does she not?"

You may be sure I told Clarice she still "counted," and I am looking forward to the more frequent letters she promises.

*Emily Pretsell* writes:

"I am sending you three shillings. Daddy and mother each gave me one to add to the one I had saved. I have got three new subscribers to *THE QUIVER*; will you kindly hand the paper to the Editor? I am a weekly boarder at school now, so I look forward even more to my holidays now. I am reading 'Robinson Crusoe' just now, and I am very interested in it."

*Kathleen Collyer* writes from her far Canadian home; *Winifred Johnson* sends me a jolly holiday letter from Orkney; *Kate* and *Ethel Edwards* send a gift for the Violet Fund from Ipswich; *Winifred Topliss* gave me a treat in the way of a very long letter about her work—and play; she is training for a Civil Service appointment, and we shall all wish her good luck in her studies and examination. *Jeannie Findlay* was one of the many who sent me a happy New Year's letter; *Freida Cartwright* tells me about her pets, a pony, some rabbits, and two cats. "The one is a dark tortoiseshell, and the other is a very pretty grey. The one will jump about two feet high and shake hands when you ask her."

*Maud Armstrong* says: "My lending library is progressing very well, my takings up till now being one shilling and sixpence." *Ivy Slesser*'s letters are always entertaining, and her latest is a very long one. She passed her Home Nursing examination and was beginning the course of First Aid. *Kathleen Crago*, *Edith Penn*, and *Maud G. Gill* returned their collecting books, with their welcome contributions for our Fund, but no letters;

as they came just at the busy time of the year, though, that is quite understandable.

*Dora Atron* writes about her Girl Guides interests and encloses a picture of herself in uniform, which perhaps you will all see soon. *Jessie Anderson* expressed her delight with the pictures of our two little girls,

"How very enthusiastic our Macduff friends are," she says. "And how pleased you must be with the kind efforts. Alison, I am very fond of fancy work, both in sewing and crochet, and if any of the members are thinking of having a sale of work I should be pleased to give some fancy work if such things would be acceptable to any of them."

*Isabel Young* wrote that they were starting another magazine during the holidays; *Doris Trott*'s letter contained a postal order for eight shillings and sixpence.

"On New Year's Day," she tells me, "we gave a little sketch entitled 'Engaging a General Servant.' As the result of this and of a concert we had before I send the postal order. . . . I see Irene Knight has a class in the Primary Department. Next Sunday we are beginning a Primary Department here, and I am going to be one of the helpers."

*Kathleen Burges* has been in for the Senior Trinity College of Music examination, and you will be glad to hear, passed. "I was very pleased," she adds, "to see that the Macduff sale was such a great success."

*Enid Jones* hopes

"this year will be a brilliant one for the Corner. Of course it will if every Companion makes new resolutions and having made them tries hard to keep them. When do you think we shall be able to send out another protégé? Of course, I know it is not long since we sent out Lena, but shouldn't we be able to send another soon? How happy Violet and Lena in the January *QUIVER*—seem to be; both by their letters and photos. Aren't they good letter-writers for their age? I think Lena has altered more than Violet, and in such a short time too."

*Norah Townend* was feeling very cheery when she wrote because of her success at school: "I was top in my Form, where there are twenty-one girls, and I am the youngest. I have also never missed during the term." Bravo! Norah, we say in chorus. *Dorothy Powell* also has been in for and passed a music examination.

"I have now passed two," she says, "I shall try to go in for them all, till I have passed the highest. I should be an L.R.A.M. then!" (A big hill to climb, Dorothy, but success to your climbing.) "I have between twenty-five and thirty books, real nice story books; my favourites are 'Little Women and Good Wives,' 'Peter and Wendy,' 'Old-Fashioned Tales,' 'What Katie did at School.' I have three books about Katie, but I like the second best."

*Arthur Smart* hopes the year

"before us is going to be a prosperous one for our Scheme. We ought to make a great bound forward in this year. I have noticed that some people are looking forward with dread towards the year 1913, because 13, they say, is an unlucky number. I do

## THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

not believe in such things myself, and I do not suppose you do. Well, at any rate, I hope the year 1913 will be a very prosperous one for you and for all my fellow Companions."

*Daisy Valentine* sends 6s. for our Fund.

"Four shillings and sixpence," she writes, "is from my library. It is not very much, but, you see, as we have been busy my friends have had time to read a book only now and then."

*Madge Williams* enclosed 5s.

"Two shillings and sixpence was made by the sale of small articles; and 2s. for sale of sweets. The Macduff members have done splendidly, have they not? I wonder when Holyhead will do half, nay a quarter as well? How proud we shall be when we are able to send you £5 for the V.F.!"

And *Margery Webb Williams* also sends 5s., part of which was earned from her mother for a table centre which she was working on when I was in Holyhead.

A letter which touched me was from *Irene King-Turner*. Our little Companion *Eric* had been very dangerously ill.

"As soon as he was well enough to see me," Irene wrote, "the first thing he asked me was, had I written to Alison since he had been in bed. I said I had not, but was going to in a day or two. He asked me to wait until he could give me some money to send as well. As he had not enough he asked mother if she would give him a penny for every glass of milk he drank. Mother was only too glad for him to drink it at all, so she said she would, and every penny he gets he puts in a box for the Fund. I read him the story in the Christmas Corner this morning; he liked it so much that I read it again to him. He has talked about the little girl all this morning. The enclosed 3s. is from Eric and myself. I am sorry we cannot help more, but we have a large Mission Hall with a Sunday School of 400 children all very poor. . . . Does it not make one wish one had heaps of money when so much want is on every hand!"

There is not one of us who will not be wishing that the spring days of brightness and, we hope, sunshine, will bring back health and his old fun and joyousness to our little Companion, and we thank him extra specially, don't we, for his gift.

There are numbers of other letters from which you would enjoy having quotations, but I must only choose out one other, and that you must have in full. It comes from Canada. Some "real experiences" like this letter contains, will help you to understand, more truly than many folks do, what lies before some of those who are plucky enough to take that long journey in the hope of making a brighter and better home than they may be able here in England. *Olive Ewers* writes a bright, breezy letter, one that might even be creditable for a girl older than fourteen. But here it is to speak for itself. I will only add that it wins a Letter Prize. She lives in Alberta.

"DEAR ALISON,—Here I come again to your merry club, with a letter about Canada, I hope it will be suitable.

### Canada as I've Seen it

In the fall of 1905, my parents, brother and myself came to Canada.

We sailed from Glasgow, and a very enjoyable trip we had down the Clyde. Nearing New Brunswick I saw several large icebergs, and the white fish were as numerous as could be. After landing at Quebec, a very quaint city, we took the train to Ottawa. I was very disappointed at not being able to see the buildings, but being seven years of age, soon got over it.

The railway went through woods, most of the time, but in the clearings I could see many small buildings and wondered what they could be. At last I came to the conclusion that they must be chicken houses. Very surprised indeed I was to hear they were little shanties built by people who owned land along the railway.

We got off the train and came to Hull in the car. Hull is a French manufacturing town, where Eddy's paper and match factories are. This town is separated from Ottawa by the Ottawa river. Two bridges cross this river, one is near the Chaudier falls; the other is a very large and beautiful bridge. Down in the centre is a railway line, and a car track is on each side; also two roads for conveyances and passengers. The Chaudier bridge is not half so large, but it is grand to be on this bridge when the ice breaks off the falls, thus throwing the spray over the bridge to the other side.

We soon found that Hull was very cold in winter, for the snow is plentiful. After a snowstorm the sleet would come down, and afterwards a frost would freeze it, so in the morning the fields would be a sheet of ice.

A year and a half later, father and my brother came up West, leaving mother and me behind. They lived in Strathcona for some time, then came down to Chailey and commenced building a log house. Afterwards they came up to Edmonton, a large city.

I should think it was eight months before we came up, but I must tell you about the journey. Mother and I got on the train in Ottawa, but the scenery was not pretty till we came up to Lake Superior. The train went very slowly round here because it was all rocks, and there were sharp turns. I enjoyed the ride very much, it took us five days altogether.

At Winnipeg we changed trains, but we could not go to see the town because we had no time. From here to Calgary was all open prairie, where I saw many herds of cattle and horses being rounded up by cowboys and girls.

At Strathcona we were met by father and my brother, and we lived in a tent all that summer. A very enjoyable time we had picking wild fruits. In the fall we came by train down to a small town called Mannville. This certainly was a difference to Strathcona, which I forgot to say was quite a large town, divided from Edmonton by the Saskatchewan River. I saw the first tramcar start from here to the other town. I had quite a few rides before we came down to Mannville.

In this small town we went to a hotel and stayed till next day, when we were driven nineteen miles to our homestead. Till twelve o'clock that Saturday night we were fixing things together. Next morning I awoke to find a foot of snow on the bottom of my bed. It certainly was delightful, I thought.

You see it was this way. Father and my brother only put tar paper on the roof over the bare boards, and the rough winds had torn the paper off, thus exposing the bare boards and numerous cracks. The night before a snowstorm had come on accompanied by a north wind, making the snow drift through the cracks. I can tell you we lost no time in getting some shingles.

## THE QUIVER

Next day, Sunday, we were busy putting up blankets to keep the snow from coming through the roof, and mother was sweeping nearly all day. First the snow would come through on the blankets, and then the heat from the fire would melt it. Suddenly the water would drip, drip, through on to the floor.

It is now five years since we came to the homestead. Now we have twenty or so acres ploughed, twenty-eight head of stock, fourteen pigs, and forty fowls, besides several warm buildings.

In Alberta it is hot in summer and extreme in winter. For wild fruits we have raspberries, saskatoons, strawberries, gooseberries, and black and red currants. Hazel nuts, too, are on our land. Nearly all the homesteads are taken up, but the owners have nearly all gone away or gone to Edmonton to work. On our land we have lakes, sloughs, lots of hay, and good soil. I think that Alberta is one of the best provinces for cattle raising and grain growing, and that if persons try their best they will succeed.

I wish all the members and you, Alison, success and happiness."

And now about our competition prizes. I am sorry to say there are none! And that for the simple reason that I received only three entries in the "Unimportant People and Little Things" competition, one in the Senior and two in the Junior Divisions. I am sorry, but as it came during Christmas time, which last year seemed a particularly busy time for everyone, it is perhaps to be understood.

Meanwhile, if you have not yet finished your Livingstone papers, hurry up! I am

hoping for many members to enter, and that a long list of prize-winners will be the result.

Here is the competition subject for the Easter Holidays. Tell me all you can about your

### Ideal School

I mean, describe the school you would have if you were to become a head master or mistress, and be able to carry out all your ideals and thoughts on the matter. You see, grown-up people are thinking and talking much about schools and lessons nowadays, and I should very greatly enjoy hearing my boy and girl Companions' ideas on the subject. Tell me about the kind of buildings you would have, the lessons, the holidays, the teachers and play—anything you can write about the subject, in fact. Please try to get as much as you can into a letter of 750 words, but I will not be too strict about a few extra. Send to me by April 3rd, except members abroad; they have a month longer.

With loving wishes for holiday-makers and busy workers alike,

Your Companion,

*Alison*

## THE QUARTER'S BALANCE SHEET

The following is the List of Subscriptions up to the end of December, 1912:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Brought forward	...	...	1 14 2		Mrs. H. McCash	...	...
Enid and Ida Jones	...	...	5 0		Charlie McCash	...	6 0
Mabel Richardson	...	...	1 0		Lizzie Grant	...	4 0
Eileen Nelson (Australia)	...	...	7 0		Dorothy M. Adams	...	1 0
Ronald McDonald	...	...	9 0		Emily Pretsell	...	3 0
Dorothy Jean Best	...	...	8 0		Clarice Hilton	...	2 6
Dorothy Collyer (Canada)	...	...	1 0		Winifred Topliss	...	1 0
Grannie Bishopston (for David)	...	...	6 0		Kathleen Collyer (Canada)	...	1 0
Daisy A. Da Costa (Jamaica)	...	...	1 0		Ethel and Kate Edwards	...	4 0
Kappel Dickson (Ocean Island)	...	...	1 6		Irene King-Turner	...	3 0
Molly and Margery Wallis	...	...	6 0		Mrs. E. R. Berwick (Jamaica)	...	2 6
Irene King-Turner	...	...	2 6		Jessie Anderson	...	2 0
Cecil Howarth	...	...	0 0		Kathleen M. Crago	...	3 6
Inez Aguilar (Jamaica)	...	...	2 0		Edith Penn	...	3 0
Lena Da Costa (Jamaica)	...	...	6 0		Margery Webb-Williams	...	5 0
Effie Forbes	...	...	3 0		Yvonne Martin	...	1 0
The Macduff Sale of Work	...	8	10 0		Madge Williams	...	5 0
Kathleen L. Segré (Jamaica)	...	...	6 0		Elsie Burke (Jamaica)	...	1 6
Janet Chessar	...	...	1 0		Kathleen Burke (Jamaica)	...	2 0
Mary Renwick, Annie and John Bartle, &c.	...	...	6 6		Dora Stewart	...	2 0
Marian Hardy	...	...	2 0		Dorothy Powell	...	5 2
Erica Welsh (Australia)	...	...	1 3 0		Daisy Valentine	...	0 0
Thomas Cameron	...	...	3 0				
Ivy M. Slesser (New Zealand)	...	...	1 0				
					£16	5 10	

# PEERLESS CURATIVE TREATMENT FOR OVER-FATNESS OR OBESITY

IT is never too late to cure the most stubborn cases of over-fatness when the simple and harmless Antipon treatment is adopted. The over-stout sufferer may have tried all sorts of remedies and treatments with the most disappointing results; nay, he (or she) may have lost all faith in curative treatments in general, but they may take it from us that Antipon is absolutely reliable, and will effect the cure of obesity they have so long fervently wished for. Antipon is diametrically opposed to any "wasting" measures—starvation, violent exercising, drugging, and other abuses—but leaves the subject infinitely stronger at the termination of the course of treatment than at the beginning. Besides this, there is a complete recovery of

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In a recent article entitled "The Tragedy of Overweight," the leading fashion paper, *Weldon's Ladies' Journal*, after a lengthy dissertation on the famous Antipon treatment, sums up as follows: "Antipon may be taken with the full assurance that it will quickly and permanently reduce superfluous flesh, and you

will then be younger by years than you were before, and possess a trim waist-line, and a chin that shows its curves of beauty."

The gratifying tonic quality of Antipon is principally evidenced by its stimulative effect on the entire digestive system. The subject soon begins heartily to enjoy the wholesome food necessary to the re-development of muscular and nervous strength and energy. The flesh becomes firm and strong under this generous régime, and as there is a gradual but sure removal of all unnecessary fat, the shape soon becomes perfect in slimmness, suppleness, and grace. The elimination of the dangerous internal excess fat is of infinite benefit to the general health.

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2nd. Digestive and Nourishing. 5th. Equal to 2s 6d. Tea.  
3rd. Brain and Nerve Nutrient. 6th. Only requires 3 minutes for infusion.

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SLIMMING.—"I have slept much better since drinking your 'Buds.'

HEALTH IMPROVED.—"I have certainly felt much better since using your 'Buds,' which is the best tea I have ever taken."

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MARVELLOUS TEA.—"Your 'Buds' is marvelous Tea, as I now only put half usual quantity, and second brew is as good as first."

ECONOMY.—"We use half the quantity we formerly did, yet the tea is better."

ECONOMICAL.—"It is most economical, as I am only using half the quantity in making that I had to use of other teas."

NERVES.—"For 20 years I have suffered from Indigestion, due to my Nerves, Brain and Spinal complaints, but seeing your advertisement I have tried your 'Buds' and have derived great benefit."

VERY BEST.—"We think your 'Buds' the very best we have ever tasted, and goes twice as far."

LAST CUP AS GOOD AS FIRST.—"Your 'Buds' goes twice as far as ordinary Tea, and the last cup is as good as the first."

INDIGESTION.—"It aids rather than hinders my digestion."

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**Boots (all one price), 10/6**

**Macs & Raincoats, 21/- & 30/-**

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value as offered by Jacksons'—the all one price specialists.

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Order Department assures perfect fit and style by post.

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STOCKPORT.

# THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

## Life in Compartments

IT has become quite a copy-book line to write that "One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives." But we might go a step farther and say, "One half the world hardly knows that the other half is living at all." And it is not the upper half which feels most affected by this. When Prince Camaralzeman journeyed from Cathay, his ancestral domain, everybody at first kow-towed to him at sight; but when he had gone farther afield he was regarded with indifference, people barely asking, "Who is he?" At a banquet given in honour of Charles Dickens at the height of his renown, he overheard one waiter ask another, "What is he?" receiving the reply, "Not sure, but fancy he is something in the stationery line." On which the humorous philosopher but remarked, "Such is fame!"

### The Under Half

It is the under half of the world which feels these slights most keenly. Jones (now titled Esquire) has invented a patent stopper for ginger beer bottles, with wide and deserved success, and feels rather humiliated when a porter with a load adjures him to get out of the way by the familiar ejaculation, "Now then, old boy!" Nixton is a star at the Penny Readings in his native village of Humphdowne, with occasional paragraphs in the local paper. Mentioning his honours casually to a friend, he somehow feels mortified at the snorting comment, "Penny Readings!" And it is all very natural. A man's sphere is *his* sphere, and he can't help it if the orb is rather small; it is all the world to him.

We are built in compartments, and most people deal with us only through the one in which they are interested. For years we may have dealt with the quiet, smiling man behind the counter, without ever suspecting his hobby to be the Latin poets; we may appreciate the thunders of Samuel Links, M.P., on the Rating Bill without ever knowing his gentle-heartedness towards orphans and slum children. In my

wanton boyhood I have slit open the shell of a snail, and learnt by its convolutions how it had an in, an inner, and an innermost compartment into which to retire, according to the weather or its desire for quiet meditation, and I have found that it is not much different with folk. They have rooms in their life that are open to the public during such-and-such hours, but rooms, again, that are thrown open to none but intimates, and rooms of which only God and themselves have the key. The bulk of people know each other only through their public compartments.

### For Lonely Hearts

My thoughts have veered off in this direction by the monthly batch of letters before me concerning entrants for the Crutch-and-Kindness League. Three make requests for protégés with special Christian names, and their reasons are all pathetic. One writes:

I should like to join your Crutch-and-Kindness League. Last July I lost my little boy, aged 8, Edward by name. I am a widow with one child, aged 5. Could you give me a very poor little boy whose name is Edward, to write to?

The other two requests are of the same sad sort. Desires of this kind are not infrequent, and hitherto, since the names have not been unusual, I am glad to say we have been able to meet them. But think what this craving means: there is some dear one the writers have lost, and the bereaved go about, rarely speaking of the one who has gone, and sympathetic friends take the silence for comfort, saying, "She is getting over it." How little they know that the sorrowing one has a rare solace in regularly writing to another suffering child, and that every time the name of the wee correspondent is penned there comes quite a rush of memories which more than sanctifies the sweet labour of love. To the world the writers bear one aspect, to God and the loved one lost awhile they bear another, and a very different one.

## THE QUIVER

Or it is a man who for twelve hours of the day appears to be but one of the many who are rubbed and rounded in the daily business grind till they come to be almost duplicates of each other, yet he has his inner room known only to the very few. Take this letter as an instance from far-away Thurso :

DEAR SIR,—I trust by this time you have received the box of clothing which I forwarded you on Friday last for the crippled children. You have given me such pleasure in bringing me into touch with the little girl B—. Her father corresponds for her as she cannot write herself. She is at present in the hospital, but her father informs me that her leg is much better, and that they expect her home soon. I have got her photo, and she is *such* a sweet-looking child. I am sorry to learn that Mr. B— himself has not been keeping well for some time back, and the doctors say that it will be necessary for him to go to a sanatorium for two or three months. Very hard! With best wishes for the success of your good work, Yours faithfully,

Who, seeing this gentleman going about his ordinary business, would even surmise that he was carrying these gentle interests in his heart? They are in a compartment by themselves.

### Organised to Help

And what is the Crutch-and-Kindness League? Simply an organisation of men and women, boys and girls, in every part of the globe, banded together to do something to alleviate the sad and terribly lonely lot of the twelve thousand poor crippled children in London alone. Seven thousand of these are on the register of the Ragged School Union; these are under sixteen years of age, the others are above that age, but still are under the kindly oversight of the Society. With all the will and desire in the world, it is not in everyone's power to visit personally these sufferers, but each can write a letter a month to his or her charge, and this is all that the League asks of its members. Further particulars of this most merciful work may be had for a stamp

from Sir John Kirk, J.P., Director and Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.

### NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH

Mrs. Baker, East Dulwich, London, S.E.; Miss Phyllis M. Bartram, North Stoke, near Grantham; Miss Celia Bell, Limerick, Ireland; Miss Bennett, Beckenham, Kent; Miss Viola Beswick, Knutsford, Cheshire; Misses Kate and Elsie Blundell, Hokianga, New Zealand; Miss Phyllis Bound, Westbury-on-Trym, Gloucester; Mrs. Bowden, Stythians, Cornwall.

Miss G. Call, Boscombe, Hants; Miss Emily Chiverton, Freshwater Bay, Isle of Wight; Miss Connie Cooper, Hokianga, New Zealand; Miss Lena Coulton, Stapenhill, Burton-on-Trent; Thomas R. Cupples, Esq., Grangemouth, Stirling; Mrs. Curtis, Sevenoaks, Kent.

Miss Caroline Dawson, Bedale, Yorks; Miss Kathleen M. Davy, Combe Park, Bath; Mrs. R. Delevault, Hingham, Attleborough; Miss May Doak, Heswall, Cheshire.

Mrs. Flay, Redland, Bristol; Mr. James A. Flisher, Sheerness-on-Sea, Kent.

Miss K. Hatley, Acton, London, W.; Miss Ada Heam, Forest Gate, Essex; Miss Herbert, Barwell, near Hinckley; Miss M. Hollingsworth, Naas, Co. Kildare; Misses — and R. Humby, Boscombe, Hants; Miss Humphrey, Reigate, Surrey; Miss Mary Hunton, Redmarshall, Durham.

Miss Lilian Jaggard, Liverpool, Lancs; Miss Freda Johnson, Moree, New South Wales; Miss J. Johnston, Aberdeen, N.B.; Mrs. Jones-Parry, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire.

Thomas Kerr, Esq., Swansea, Wales.

Mrs. Lewendon, Speen, Berks; Miss E. M. Lewis, Welshpool, Montgomeryshire; Miss Mary Lindsay, Dundee.

Miss L. Mackay, Kilburn, London, N.W.; Miss Jeanie Masterton, Inverkeithing, N.B.; Mr. H. E. Mathie, Twifontein, Johannesburg; Miss Mary McArthur, Ardishaig, Argyll; Mr. J. W. McKenzie, Rumbanga, New Zealand; Miss Morgan, Sutton, Co. Dublin; Miss Mundy, Kemington, Oxford.

Mrs. Nunn, Lee, London, S.E.

Miss Edith Parker, Reigate, Surrey; Master Cuthbert and Miss Kitty Peacocke, Bangor, Co. Down; Miss L. Potter, West Drayton, Middlesex.

Miss Rose Rainbird, Stratford, London, E.; Master Charles Redains, Ballarat, Australia; Mrs. Rowsell, Exmouth, Devon.

Miss N. Hayes Sadler, Bracknell, Berks; Mrs. D. Sellens, Sutton, Co. Dublin; Mrs. Smith, Blackpool, Lancs; Mrs. Southward, Myvercough, Lancs; Miss M. E. Steer, Wallingford, Berks; Miss C. S. Straub, Weymouth, Dorset; Miss Edith and Master Eric Summer, Kimberley, South Africa.

Miss Dorothy Tailjours, Ashbourne, Derbyshire.

Mrs. Watkinson, Grimsby, Lancs; Mrs. E. and Miss Lily White, Riverton, New Zealand; Misses B. and E. Whittington, Hatton, Middlesex; Mrs. H. Wilburn, Hornsea, Yorks.

Misses Margaret Gardner, Annie Charsly, Nora Moriarty, Hilda Bennett, Molly Irwin, Barbara Samuel, Alice Douglas, Molly Ley, and Florence Jones, Clifton, Bristol. (Group 88—School.)



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conforms to any shape. The  
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security in stormy weather,  
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Parisian Milliners declare  
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# SUNDAY SCHOOL PAGES

## POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

MARCH 2nd

### GOD'S COVENANT WITH ABRAHAM

*Genesis xv. ; xvii. 1-8*

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) God's promise and Abram's faithful acceptance of it. (2) The confirming sign. (3) Abram's name changed.

THE faith of Abraham shines like a bright light upon the early pages of the Bible records. He believed what God said to him, and he obeyed without hesitation.

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A missionary in Brazil was making her usual visits when she came upon a poor, ignorant, ragged woman whose face was radiant, sitting in her little thatched hut, with a copy of the Gospels on her lap and an "ABC" book by her side. When she saw the missionary she said, "O, señora, I'm an heiress. Just think of all these riches for me." The missionary saw her labour hard to read the words, and asked, "Why do you take so much trouble to read?" The reply came, "It is His will. Just think how ashamed I would be to meet my Lord and have Him ask, 'Did you receive the inheritance? Did you read My will?' And I should have to answer, 'No.' Oh, señora, I want to learn it by heart, for He left it all for me."

MARCH 9th

### THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM

*Genesis xix. 1-3, 12-29*

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The visit of the angels. (2) The escape from the doomed city. (3) The punishment of Lot's wife.

WHEN the mad Queen of Mexico escaped from her prison, her anxious attendants, remembering her passion for roses, strewed roses along the roads, and soon the poor Queen was lured back. The pleasures of Sodom lured Lot into that city, and he narrowly escaped the fate that fell upon it.

### "Lot's Wife" in the Holy Land

In "Daily Life in Palestine" Mr. Archibald Forder, who for twenty years has been a missionary among the Arabs east and west of the river Jordan, tells us that "on the eastern shores of the Dead Sea may be seen a striking natural monument to Lot's wife, bearing the name of the disobedient

woman who, through disregarding the command of God, became a pillar of salt. This curious and remarkable likeness to a human being is composed of a mixture of grit, sand, and salt, and instead of getting smaller each year increases in size, this being accounted for by the dampness of the atmosphere and the constant dust and sand storms, the sand sticking to the moistened pillar. In height this supposed petrified human being is about twenty feet, and is located on the edge of the water overlooking a ledge of rock quite forty feet deep. The natives of the plains of Moab firmly believe that this pillar of marl encloses Lot's wife, and although this is not likely to be the case the thing serves one good purpose in that it keeps before the people what was one result of disobeying God, and also perpetuates the Bible story. It is remarkable that this account of Lot's wife and also this memorial have come down from a people that for many centuries have never seen a Bible, and yet they have a correct account of all that occurred at the time of the destruction of Sodom—a fact it would be well for those who doubt and criticise the sacred record to ponder and bear in mind."

### MARCH 16th THE TEST OF ABRAHAM'S FAITH

*Genesis xxii. 1-19*

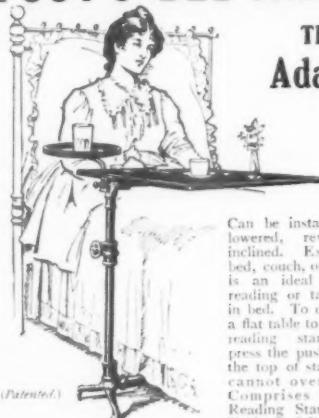
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MARCH 16th  
THE TEST OF ABRAHAM'S FAITH

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### A Great Test

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## THE QUIVER

true and faithful man that he was, he was fully equal to it. From his inmost heart he could say, "Thy will be done," and act in the full assurance that God knew best. There are people who offer the petition, "Thy will be done," almost under breath, as not daring to mean it. A lady, who had an only child, said to Mrs. Pearsall Smith, the author of "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," "I do not care to pray 'Thy will be done,' because I am afraid God will take away my little boy, or will send me some other heavy trial." To which Mrs. Smith replied, "Supposing your child should come to you some morning, saying, 'I want to be and do just what you desire to-day,' would you say to yourself, 'Now is my opportunity to make this child do all the disagreeable duties I want done. I will just take advantage of his willingness to please me by cutting off his pleasures today and keeping him at hard discipline'?" "No, no," said the mother; "I would give him the best day I could possibly plan." "And can you think," said Mrs. Smith, "that God is less just and loving than you?"

The mistake which most of us make is in thinking that we know better than God, and that our plan is to be preferred to His. Abraham was wise enough to recognise that God knew best, and in simple trust he rose up and obeyed.

### MARCH 23rd. THE EMPTY TOMB

*Mark xvi. 1-11*

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Love's mission. (2) The message of the angels. (3) The unbelieving disciples.

#### Death's Overthrow

NEVER did evil obtain such a triumph over pure goodness as when it nailed Jesus Christ to the cross of shame. Never was the ultimate victory of goodness so clearly vindicated as on the morning of the Resurrection.

A visitor to Russia tells of being present at the Easter celebration in a Greek church. The service began before the morning dawned. All the great company carried unlighted torches in their hands. The vast building was dark, without a beam of light. At a certain moment a priest appeared, bearing a burning torch. At this one flame those near him lighted their torches, and from these others nearest to them. So the light spread until every torch in the vast

church was burning, and the place was brilliant with light all kindled from one torch.

So should our torches be lighted anew on this morning of blessed hope, as we remember again that the Lord is risen indeed.

#### An Illustration of the Resurrection

A story of Faraday illustrates in a remarkable way the resurrection of the body as promised by Christ. The great scientist had been using in his chemical experiments a beautiful silver cup which a workman accidentally dropped into a jar containing a strong acid. In a short time the cup had dissolved like a lump of sugar in hot water. Faraday was not dismayed. He put another mixture into the acid, and every particle of silver was precipitated to the bottom of the jar. He then removed the shapeless mass of silver, sent it to a silversmith, who made a cup which in size and style was hardly discernible from the original silver cup.

If such a thing is possible in the world of chemistry, surely we are justified in believing that Christ's victory over death and the grave implies that all who sleep in Him shall also rise from the grave to be for ever with the Lord.

### MARCH 30th THE GOD OF OUR FATHERS

*Hebrews xi. 1-19*

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Paul's definition of faith. (2) The triumphs of faith.

THERE is a fine story told of Carlyle and Bishop Wilberforce. They were strolling together one day in the grounds of a country mansion, and speaking of the death of one who had been an associate and friend of both. "Bishop," Carlyle said suddenly, "have you a creed?" "Yes," was the answer of the other, "and, what is more, the older I grow the firmer that creed becomes under my feet. There is only one thing that staggers me." "What is that?" asked Carlyle. "The slow progress that creed seems to make in the world." Carlyle remained silent for a second or two, and then said, slowly and seriously, "Ah, but if you have a creed you can afford to wait."

The men spoken of by the Apostle had each a creed, and they could afford to wait. And, what is more, their creed was established upon faith in God, and He did not disappoint them, for every promise of His was abundantly fulfilled.

Telephone 1946 *Gerrard.*

Telegrams: "Issuable," London.

# The Civil Service Bank, Ltd.,

8 & 10, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

**C.** THE BANK was established in 1892 primarily for the convenience of the Civil, Naval and Military Services, but the business having increased, its operations are now extended to the public generally.

**C.** THE BANK is registered under the Joint Stock Companies Acts, also under the Bankers' Registration Act, with an authorised capital of £100,000.

**C.** CURRENT ACCOUNTS may be opened by paying in an amount from £1 upwards.

NO CHARGE is made for keeping accounts when the balances do not fall below £10, otherwise the half-yearly charge is merely nominal.

**C.** INTEREST is allowed at 2 per cent. per annum on Current Account balances of £25 and upwards if maintained for a complete month.

Facilities afforded to customers residing at a distance to transact all their business through the medium of the post, and cash in exchange for cheques drawn on accounts will be immediately forwarded by prepaid registered post, at the Bank's expense.

**C.** DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS.—Fixed deposits of £5 and upwards are received and interest allowed as follows :

Withdrawable at 6 months' notice	-	-	3½ per cent.
" 3 "	-	-	3 "
" 1 month's "	-	-	2½ "

**C.** BANKING BUSINESS of every description transacted, and purchase or sale of Stocks and Shares negotiated ; the Bank is in telephonic communication with its Brokers, who are members of the London Stock Exchange.

**C.** HOME SAVINGS DEPARTMENT. This adjunct to the Bank's operations has been attended with highly satisfactory results. It inculcates habits of thrift and proves an incalculable benefit to the person of moderate means, who can thus lay for himself the foundation of independence and the possession of a Banking Account with a cheque book.

**C.** HOURS OF BUSINESS, 10 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

**C.** FULLEST PARTICULARS of each branch of the business may be obtained on application.

H. S. COOPER, F.C.I.S., A.I.B.  
Manager and Secretary.

[P.T.O.]

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The Home Saving System, adopted by the Civil Service Bank, Ltd., and which is fully and clearly explained in a booklet under the above title, marks a new era in the history of Self-help and Individual Thrift.

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All Savings Accounts bear 3 per cent. interest, compounded annually.

In order to save money a saving account is a necessity.

To save successfully there must be some purpose and some system.

### Start a Savings Account to-day with The Civil Service Bank, Ltd.

This Bank is open daily for the convenience of depositors, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. (except Saturdays, when it closes at 1 o'clock).

### The Home Banking System

Helps people to start a Bank Account.

Teaches the young to save.

Is a great help to the thrifty.

THE CIVIL SERVICE BANK, Ltd.,

8 & 10, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.,

is always open for the accommodation of wage-earners and others.

H. S. COOPER, F.C.I.S., A.I.B., Manager.

[P.T.O.]

## WHAT THINGS ARE COMING TO

An Article that will Appeal to All who are  
Watching the Trend of the Times

AMONG the many aimless questions thrust upon us by a progressive and hustling age, none is more wearisome than the insistent cry of the man or woman who demands to know what "things are coming to."

The answer is really not far to seek; but it must be premised that the people who are so busily asking the question are the very ones who will not be able to understand the true answer, however patiently one may try to explain it to them.

"Things" are coming right for the men and women who are preparing themselves, and their children, to meet future conditions of life and work.

The methods of such preparation must of necessity be modern—must move with the times. Fifty years ago—thirty years, even—the father who had insured his life for a good round sum comforted himself that he had made ample provision for his children. Every year of his life, by paying the stipulated premium, he conspired against himself, and tacitly pointed the advantage of his own death.

Nowadays, with equal generosity and much keener business acumen, he insures, not against his own death, but for his children's life.

He provides for them in a most sane and healthy manner, arranging, by insurance, for their education in the best schools and colleges, or endowing them at a given age—say twenty-one or twenty-three—with a lump sum that is to be paid down in solid cash at the psychological moment when it is needed for the start in life.

It is his privilege to remember that, according to the usual course of nature, this auspicious moment is, happily, a score or more years in advance of the time when the insurer himself will cease to play his part in the big game of life.

This happy idea that wise insurance is a proposition affecting life, not death, is taking firm hold of keen business men and far-seeing women; and it is certainly a cheerful thought that insurance premiums in these days have much more to do with schools, colleges, universities, and chambers of commerce than with probate duties and the doleful charges of the undertaker.

When a son or daughter is born into the family, one of the earliest thoughts is, "What can we afford to do for this child?" Can we pay down a single premium of £44 4s., and thus secure to him or her a cash endowment of £100 when he or she attains the age of twenty-three years? Or must we be content to go more slowly, and purchase the same endowment with yearly payments of £2 18s.?

Or, again, shall we decide upon an Educational Endowment, and, by paying a premium of £18 per year for sixteen years, secure to the child an income of £100 per annum for four successive years from age sixteen to age twenty?

Such questions are thoroughly well worth the earnest consideration of every thoughtful and shrewd parent, and it is safe to affirm that, given such consideration, the parent will become keenly interested in the subject of educational and business endowments for the children.

Our figures are taken direct from the propositions of the Norwich Union Life Office, and fullest particulars of these and many other equally sane insurances will gladly be supplied to all who write inquiring of the Secretary, Department C, Norwich Union Life Office, Norwich.

## DOMES OF SILENCE.

Have you ever had experience of the fact that castors break, that they come away from the woodwork or otherwise become detached, that they sometimes refuse to work or work only under strong and shrieking protest? Have you ever had to correct your children for dragging the chairs about, for scraping their chairs along the floor and so making a hideous and nerve-racking noise? Have you ever had a chair or table go rickety or wobbly and been obliged to send it to the upholsterer for repair? Have you ever had to assist your maid, or provide assistance for her, to move (say) a wardrobe for cleaning or other purpose? Have you ever had to raise your voice in protest that dirt and dust should be allowed to accumulate beneath and behind heavy furniture? Have you ever known a piece of furniture—fitted with castors—that could be easily, silently, smoothly and instantly moved? That is to say, have you ever seen four castors on one piece of furniture all pointing in the same direction?

Then you will appreciate Domes of Silence just as much as I do, for they are, unquestionably, the greatest savers of wear and tear, of labour and expense, ever invented for the home. In fact they are the simplest, most practical and



"Mamma lets us do it."

most valuable invention I have ever seen. They permanently banish castor troubles and life's petty irritations. They double the life of carpets and other floor coverings by shielding them from the wear and tear of the sharp edges of furniture, bamboo and wicker chairs. They save all the lifting, carrying, and strain of lifting and carrying, and enable your maid, single-handed, to move the heaviest and bulkiest piece of furniture without effort—I find that 25,517,812 Domes of Silence are already in use—they obviate the expense of castor replacements and repairing strained furniture legs, for "domes" make furniture GLIDE silently and smoothly over the carpet instead of ploughing its way through. But, they are not only an economy, they also add materially to one's peace of mind and comfort. They permit of the house being kept sweater, cleaner and purer, they promote peace and quietness, and generally increase the delights of home a hundred-fold.

In the interest, then, of your pocket, your comfort, your convenience, your peace of mind, and the interests of the other members of your household, you should, at once, do as I did, and send a post card to the Domes of Silence, Limited, 5, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C., mention my name (Philippa G. Rylake), and ask for a gift set—they'll gladly send you one, and without any charge whatever, they know you'll want more. If, however, you prefer to buy a set, most ironmongers can supply you with Domes of Silence—they are only 6d. per set of four. When you have tried them on your favourite chair, a table, or a wardrobe, you will no longer wonder why 25,517,812 "domes" are already in use. Sixpence for four and they are everlasting—unless you really must try them. You can get them at almost any ironmonger's. Why not get a set when you are out this afternoon? If "domes" don't bear out the above statements, return them to the Domes of Silence, Limited, and they will refund your sixpence and cost of postage. "Domes" are instantly fitted—without nails or screws—I let my little girl fit them. Place "dome" in centre of chair leg and tap gently. They affix themselves to heavy furniture—place "dome" points upwards, under each leg or corner. Experience to-day the advantages and comforts of Domes of Silence, and you'll be grateful to me for telling you about them.

PHILIPPA G. RYLAKE,

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Pure Blood and Clear Skin are impossible when the Liver, Stomach and Kidneys are sluggish or irregular. Holloway's Pills are exactly what is needed, a gentle but thorough corrective. They regulate the biliary secretions and promptly cure Headaches, Indigestion, Dizziness, Flatulence, and other ailments arising from a constipated condition. When feeling "out of sorts" take a few doses of Holloway's Pills without delay; they will fortify you against disease and may avert a serious illness.

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Holloway's Ointment in conjunction with the Pills is unmatched as a Skin Cure, speedily removing Eczema, blotches, pimples, &c. It is especially useful where there are large families for Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Bruises, Burns and Scalds, as also for Piles, Rheumatism and pains in the joints and limbs, while in cases of Chest, Throat and Lung troubles it gives almost magical relief.

Prices **1/1½** and **2/9** per box or pot,  
Of all Chemists.

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THE humiliating disfigurement caused by **Superfluous Hair** is one of the horrors that ladies of all ages have to endure. Thousands of so-called cures have come and gone, but it is left to the Tensfeldt Process, now universally known, to completely eradicate this terrible scourge without leaving any marks or disfigurement. The Tensfeldt process completely destroys the hair root. Ladies can now operate in the **privacy of their own homes** with results as positive as can be obtained by skilled specialists, at a great saving of expense.

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## The Fiction about Epilepsy

EPILEPSY, or Falling Sickness, has for long generations been accounted incurable, and thousands upon thousands of unhappy Epileptics, after having suffered from this terrible malady for practically the whole of their lives, have gone down to the grave in the hopeless belief that there was no possible cure for them.

## The Truth about Epilepsy

YOU may have suffered ten—twenty—even thirty—years from Epileptic seizures, may have tried every orthodox and unorthodox remedy that you ever heard tell of, may have been treated by eminent specialists in the most highly approved hospitals, but—even after all this—you don't know the one truth about Epilepsy that is worth telling—the truth that Ozerine is a safe, speedy, and absolutely permanent cure.

The following testimonials are taken from thousands of similarly convincing statements that are constantly pouring in upon Mr. I. W. Nicholl, the proprietor of Ozerine. Read them for what they are worth, and remember that they are published under a guarantee of their implicit truth.

From Waterford, Ireland, Nov. 4, 1912.

My brother, who used to have two attacks every day, has not had an attack since he began taking Ozerine. I wish he had known about it three years ago. Use my name as a living testimonial.

From Marlborough, Wilts, Sept. 30, 1912.

I can't explain to you how thankful I feel, for my dear husband is not like the same man since he has been taking Ozerine, and, thank God, he has no return of the fits. I will always do my best to tell anyone I know who is suffering in the same way, and we both give you many thanks.

From Kensington, Dec. 20, 1912.

I am in the best of health, and have not had a fit since taking Ozerine.

From Willaston, Cheshire, Oct. 24, 1912.

My son is keeping free from fits; he has not had one since he began to take Ozerine, and he appears so much

If occasion demanded, one could add testimony to testimony, all coming from hearts simply overflowing with gratitude because of the cures that have been wrought by Ozerine.

**Please take Special Notice.**—Mr. I. W. Nicholl will gladly send a sample bottle of his wonderful medicine quite free to any sufferer who applies for it. Ozerine is sent post free in the United Kingdom for 4s. 6d. and 11s. per bottle. For the Colonies, India, America, and foreign countries a package sufficient for 40 days' treatment will be sent to any address in the world post free for 12s. (3 dols.). Write to

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The Best article of its class may cost a little more at the outset than inferior articles, but long before it is done with, it will have proved itself much the cheapest. One of the most familiar illustrations of this truth is to be found in



which is the highest quality of Toilet Soap manufactured, and especially renowned for its complexion beautifying properties. That it is also the most economical of soaps is clear, for

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*Costs only a penny a week!*

**Some Excellent Toilet Creations**

We have recently had the pleasure of inspecting and testing some toilet specialities which Messrs. John Knight, Limited, are placing on the market. One which attracted our very special attention was a handsome box of Salomé Soap and Perfume which would make a really charming gift for any lady. The box contains two tablets of soap perfumed with exquisite essences, and a bottle of the same perfume as is used in the soap, for personal use. An exceedingly welcome present for the small sum of 2s. 6d. Another attractive soap this firm have just introduced is their Savon aux Fleurs series, a box containing twelve assorted varieties (or in one single variety according to taste), each tablet wrapped so as to preserve the identity of the different perfumes in the respective tablets. Such a box for 2s. certainly represents the most exceptional value in toilet soap that has been produced for some considerable time.

A most suitable gift for any gentleman would be a stick of "Shavollo" Shaving Soap, with which he would be so entirely satisfied that he would congratulate the giver upon having obtained the most desirable Shaving Soap that has ever been made.

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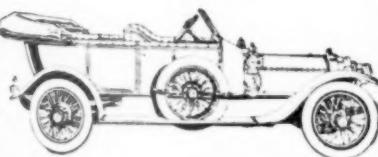
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LARGE and LARGEST ROOM. These Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets, with  
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TESTIMONIALS.

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